National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor. Without Concealment....Without Compromise. EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, } Corresponding Editors.

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The Southern Press.

LETTER

FROM THE HON. J. R. POINSETT, ON THE GREAT QUESTION OF THE DAY.

CHARLESTON (S. C.), Dec. 4, 1850.

FELLOW CITIZENS: My object in addressing you, in this crisis of our affairs, will scarcely be misunderstood. I am a Carolinian by birth and principle, and all I own in the world is vested in lands and negroes. I have a common interest, then, in the question before the country, and a right to express my views and opinions. I should not, however, have departed from my determination to abstain from taking part in politics, if I had not lately enjoyed unusual opportunities of observing the conduct and character of the opposition made at the North to our institutions; and if I had not perceived, from the tenor of the speeches and writings published in the State, that the subject is not fully understood in South Carolina. These speeches and writings have tended to irritate the feelings of some and to alarm the fears of others among our fellow citizens of the North. Many, however, among them have regarded these outbursts of passion without resentment, and have assembled together, in vast meetings, to testify their devotion to the Union, and their firm determination to maintain the laws of the country. On one of these occasions, on my passage through Philadelphia, I was solicited to be present, that I might witness their proceedings, and bear testimony to you that our fellow citizens of Pennsylvania were animated with the kindest feelings towards us, and determined to see the laws, affecting our property, enforced within their State.

I resisted the importunities of my numerous friends there, because I did not desire to take part in the proceedings of another State; as a Carolinian, I desired to speak to my fellow citizens of Carolina, from my own home among them. I did not wish to appear to rebuke the winds and waves of our agitated sea from a distant shore, but reserved my efforts to calm them, until my return among you. But in justice to the great and good men who assembled at N. York, Philadelphia and Boston, to vindicate the laws and to declare their firm determination to maintain them, I feel bound to say, that they were animated by the purest and noblest motives, and have, throughout, evinced the most praiseworthy zeal and patriotism. I am personally and intimately acquainted with many of them; and believe they will maintain to the utmost the sentiments they expressed on those occasions. The great error, it appears to me, that we have committed is, that we have given too much consequence to the wicked and designing men who strive to produce discord among us, and to destroy the peace and prosperity of the country, that they may revel on the spoils, or elevate themselves to power by pandering to the passions and prejudices of the vilest factions. Depend upon it, these men are moral lepers, despised by the masses, as well as by the enlightened portions of the community every where. They are powerful for evil, I know, because they are organized and unscrupulous; and from the period of the first French Revolution, when a small organized faction deluged France in blood, to the present day, we all know the power exercised by a well organized and unscrupulous faction of the people, however insignificant in number and character.

The admission of California into the Union, as a State, is honestly believed, and represented to be, the most prominent of our wrongs, and the adoption of that clause of her Constitution excluding slaves, the greatest outrage committed upon our rights. I say nothing of the irregularity of the admission of California, because I firmly believe that if the clause above alluded to had been omitted, the complaint of the Constitution being violated in the fact of her admission would have proceeded from the North, rather than from the South. But I think there is an error in the causes assigned for the adoption of that clause. The exclusion of Slavery in California is generally attributed, in the South, to the improper interference of Government, whereas it arose from the spontaneous feelings of the people there. The mission of Mr. Butler King, whatever the instructions he bore, was of no use whatever. There, as every where in this country, the people would have revolted at the uncalled for interference of the general government. I have seen and conversed with returned emigrants from that State, some successful beyond their most sanguine expectations, while others were disappointed and poor. They all, both rich and poor, concurred in the opinion, that the exclusion of Slavery from California was owing to the unwillingness of the white man to work side by side with the negro—a feeling so universal at the North, that I have never seen negroes employed in their great workshops, and on asking the reason, was informed by the proprietors, that if they attempted to introduce negro laborers into their works, the whites would leave them. This feeling governed the vote on this question in California. It is a great mistake to suppose that, at the period of the adoption of the Constitution, that population consisted only of squatters and of the simple and ignorant conquered people. California was peopled with unexampled rapidity, and the inhabitants were from our most industrious and enterprising citizens. They were neither few in number nor disqualified in character to frame a Constitution for themselves: indeed, their orderly conduct, while abandoned by their legitimate government, was dwelt upon with pride by us, and excited the admiration of the civilized world. We may complain, with some justice, of the admission of California with the exclusion of Slavery; but if we had depopulated South Carolina of our negroes, and taken them to California, I firmly believe that they would have been expelled from the State at the first meeting of its legislature, for I know full well that the people there were determined not to admit them.

The next great outrage complained of is the adjustment of the boundary of Texas. I will not prolong this paper, and occupy your time by arguing the question of validity of the boundary claimed by Texas, but content myself with stating my belief, that if Mr. Madison had been captured by the British at Bladensburg, and under terror of his life had signed a treaty ceding the then territory of Maine, Congress and we, the people, would have denied that Great Britain had thereby acquired a title to that portion of our country. The object of offering $10,000,000 to Texas was not what it has been represented, but to prevent a civil war, otherwise inevitable—a war, in the course of which New Mexico would have been crushed by the superior forces of Texas, or government have interfered to protect that territory, alternatives to be deprecated by every American who respects the Constitution and loves justice. It was not made by the President, but by a law of Congress; and if Texas voluntarily chooses to compound a doubtful title, and to accept the offer made her, surely there is no cause for calling her hard names, and applying to such people abusive epithets.

The next subject complained of is the abolition of the slave trade in the District of Columbia; and this measure is characterized as advancing abolition. For my own part, I think the scenes we have often witnessed in Washington, and so often heard severely blamed by both Northern and Southern men, tended much more to advance abolition than the passage of this law.

It is certainly to be lamented that the balance of power between the slave and free States could not have been maintained in the Senate. We have struggled for it in vain It is with States as with individuals. Equality of strength or fortune cannot be maintained by either; but this is no legitimate cause of strife or revolution. And yet we are told that the remedy for these evils is to be sought for in revolution—for what is secession but revolution? Is the right of secession to be found in the Constitution? It existed, I grant, under the old confederacy, for that was a league; but, the Constitution was framed and adopted after solemn deliberation to form a more perfect union of the States. The first time we ever heard of the right of secession, was during the proceedings of the Hartford Convention, and at that period no people received the doctrine with more indignation and contempt than ourselves. In fact, if any State possessed the power to secede from the Union whenever it thought proper to do so, our Constitution would be a mockery, and our boasted strength as a great and powerful nation would be despised by foreign powers. It is true, if Virginia, N. Carolina, Tennessee, S. Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Florida, Mississippi and Texas were to form a confederacy, and agree to secede, there might be no opposition for a time. But many of those States form but the entrance and portico to the great edifice reared in the West. How long would the inhabitants of that mighty structure endure the privations they must suffer, if their ingress and egress were in the hands of foreigners? Would they permit Louisiana to be the ally of some maritime powers that might occupy New Orleans, and harass the internal commerce of the Mississippi valley? I think not. No line can be drawn that will not involve questions of boundary and right only to be settled by the last appeal, and this country would soon exhibit the miserable aspect of the Spanish American States. Besides, such a confederacy would present no barrier against the attacks of the Abolitionists of all the world. The sympathies of civilized Europe are against our institutions, and if they be not protected by the Constitution and the much despised Union, our slaves would not be worth ten years' purchase. In such a confederacy, how many causes of discontent would occur! How could we, with our habits of eternal agitation, be satisfied with our station in it? Our relative importance in the Southern confederacy would diminish every year, unless we could change our habits altogether, and, instead of devoting all our energies to political agitation, as we have done for the last twenty years, turn our minds to the promotion of commerce, manufactures, and easy communications by land and water from the interior to the coast. But under the lead of South Carolina, such a confederacy will never be created. We are unfortunately not renowned for our wisdom or prudence, and our invitations and our taunts will be alike in vain to drive our sister States into measures of violence for the past—what the future may bring forth, time will show. But, I warn the northern men who love their country, and desire to preserve the Union, that they must restrain their own agitators: men whom my own self-respect prevents me from characterizing as they deserve—men, who are not fanatics, for fanatics are honest, but political demagogues of the worst description, using their money and abusing their talents, to deceive and seduce the people; and who would not hesitative to elevate themselves to power over the reeking ruins of their country. The opposition, commenced under my own eyes, to the infamous machinations of these men, must be continued by the united efforts of the good and true of all parties, and and the Constitution will be safe, and the Union preserved.

If there are any among us so wild as to think of separate State action, to them I would say, that they mistake violence for strength. Let them examine the map and consult the census, and they will see our relative weakness, and understand with what ease South Carolina might be prevented from inflicting any injury, except upon herself.

But I will not pursue this humiliating theme; it is improbable that such a measure will be resorted to. It would be as absurd as for one to throw himself from a precipice in the expectation of injuring his enemy by the fall.

Fellow-citizens, my task is done. I felt impelled to address you as a friend and brother, by the interests I have at stake in this question, by my zeal for the honor and welfare of my native State, by the long experience I have had of the fearful consequences of revolution, and by my devotion to the Union, to which, under Heaven, I believe we owe our unexampled prosperity as a nation.

J. R. POINSETT.

From the (Augusta, Ga.) Chronicle and Sentinel.

MAJOR DICKINSON'S LETTER.

THE following characteristic letter appeared in the *Constitutionalist* yesterday, and as the author is a candidate on the disunion ticket for a seat in the Convention, we commend it to the careful perusal of every voter in Richmond county. It will be seen that he takes bold ground in favor of a dissolution of the Union, and as some of his associates have also avowed a similar sentiment, the people of Richmond will have no difficulty in arriving at the true issue between the two parties, and cast their sufirages accordingly:

Mr. Editor:—Permit me through the columns of your valuable and public-spirited paper, to answer the interrogatories propounded to the candidates for the Convention of this county.

The constitution of the family, as it hath ever been, is composed of the two great institutions of *Slavery* and *Marriage*. These two great institutions produce the relationship of husband and wife, parent and child, master and slave. I quote from from the highest authority when I say that in the bosom of this constitution of the family are found in full activity the grand corporations of the "Seminary, the Church, and the State."

The association of a number of families, and their permanent location on a given space or territory, constitutes a State, or *the* State. To make a State, then, location must be permanent. If they were migratory they would be simply a tribe. The State thus formed must necessarily have some exponent power through and by the aid of which its affairs could be managed and protected. A public force was consequently organized, and we call that public force, Government. I again quote from the same great authority when I say that government was simply a corporation created and armed by the State for the preservation of peace. How was the peace to be preserved? The answer is easy: by preserving all the rights in being at the time of the government's formation.

The moment that the government attempted to deprive men of any portion of their rights which they enjoyed in the great family constitutions, that moment it ceased to be government. It became a mere disturbing force; the object of its creation was lost; the State was bound to disarm it.

The constitution of the family finds its sanction in the law of God, as proved by the testimony of written revelation and its support in the law of nature, as illustrated by universal human practice.

The corporations of the Seminary and the Church find their origin in the Divine; the corporation of the State in the natural departments of this grand constitution. The maxim of enlightened States through their exponent power, government, is that there are no places where this grand constitution shall not go and no times when it shall not be.—Slavery finds its location in both the grand departments of this constitution: for it is expressly created by Deity, as proved by the written revelation, and clearly decreed by nature as illustrated by universal practice.

To the family constitution, as God formed it, Slavery is as necessary an integer as marriage. The destruction of one is the destruction of both. The destruction of either is the destructron of the family. And to this infernal result all the *isms* necessarily tend; communism, socialism and free-soilism. For if the maxims of civilization be set aside, will not all the rights which they were arrayed to guard, perish? As the association and permanent location of families were necessary to form a State, and the association of families for migratory purposes was necessary to form a tribe, so the formation and association of men without the family organism is a band; it may be either permanent as to location or predatory. It is still a band and nothing more. For it is the association of families that makes States and tribes, and not the mere association of men. As these terms have passed the ordeal of modern criticism, I hope I shall be excused for using them here.

What was California when the United States Government took her into this Confederacy? She certainly had no family organism. She could not, therefore, be either a tribe or a State. The facts are notorious in this case. She was not only a band, but to a great extent the band was predatory. [I use this term to mark the motion of a band, as migratory is used to mark the motion of a tribe—no odium is attached to it.] Well, this California band in one of its greatest predatory excursions against the maxims of civilization, and against the laws of God, in effect decreed that they never would become a slave State. They ruled out one Institution in the great family constitution as it sprang from the plan of the Divine mind. They tore away from the government of God a certain portion of his fair earth, and decreed that the great institution He had created for the use and civilization of our race should never go.

I sympathise with my brethren of California in the great loss they have sustained by this terrific error; they were seduced into it by designing and unprincipled men, and if they do not soon repair that error their loss will be, indeed, mournful to look upon. But when California had placed herself in this interesting predicament, the United States Congress and President opened wide their arms to receive them into this Confederacy. Is there any authority conferred by the Constitution upon Congress to receive into this Confederacy a band or tribe? Congress *may* receive a *State*, but it cannot receive a *tribe* or *band*. Congress then, in this admission of California has trampled the Constitution in the dust; has assaulted the maxims of civilization; has dared to repeal the law of God, and has declared war upon man. Now, if Congress could admit a band into this Confederacy with these principles, it could admit these principles in without the band, for it has as much right to admit the one as the other. This Government then, is no longer the Government formed by our patriotic ancestry. The government they formed was a government to protect the right, not to destroy it. The family constitution was sacred in their eyes. They would have struck down any government that would have dared to assail it: let their sons do so, and family, and altar, and seminary and Church and State will yet be saved. Let them fail to act as becomes the crisis, and all will be lost.

The maxim of all enlightened Christian States is: The laws of God as formed in the sacred Scriptures, and the laws of nature, as illustrated by universal practice, are good over all the globe, and in all countries, as no human law is of any validity if opposed to these. This is my platform. I will have no other.

The maxim of Freesoilism is:

Resolved, That the earth and the fullnes thereof belong to the saints—

Resolved, That we are the *saints*.

Resolved, That we consider the world our patrimony.

Resolved, That we appropriate everything to our own use, upon which we can lay our hands.

The maxim of the Southern Submissionist is: This will do very well if we can get office by adopting it.

The maxim of the Southern politicians generally is: We had better not fully commit ourselves until we find which is the strong side.

Voters, which of these platforms do you take?—I take the first.

The United States Government converting itself into a great disturbing force by the abandonment of this first great maxim and the substitution of the Freesoil principles in its place, has declared war against my platform. I declare war against the Free soil maxim and against the government as a disturbing force, that adopts it. I desire the Georgia Convention to vote an address to our sister slaveholding States, praying them by all they hold in common with us in interest and of faith, to assemble a great Southern Convention at any point they may select—armed with full power to act as the crisis demands. I desire this great Southern Convention to agree, that each State that enters the Convention proceed to revoke the commissions of the present members of Congress, and to elect a new Southern Congress to meet at any point in the South with power to elect our first Southern President, and go into operation under the glorious Constitution of our fathers. It is as good for five, or ten or fifteen States as it was for the old thirteen, or the present thirty-one, that have no other use for it but to violate it. The old thirteen made it to protect the slaveholder as well as every one else. The present thirty-one use it to plunder and oppress the slaveholder. I am for the Union and the Consititution that our fathers have formed.

I am for allowing no State, or tribe, or band, under the cover of its sacred name, to upturn the altar and demolish the family. Stand upon the great platform of God; and if Northern Freesoilism and Southern Submissionism can destroy these, I am willing to perish amid their ruins. They have defied the criticisms, survived the revolutions and triumphed over the vicissitudes of Five Thousand years, and they are at this day more useful and more beautiful than at any former period.

Fellow-citizens of the South and of Georgia, particularly, will you dare to recede from the defence of these great institutions? Will you dare to abandon these great platforms under the delusion of having better ones? Do you dare to hope that if the destructive power of these *isms* can battle down these, it would not be able literally to kick out of its path any new platform that the Convention may raise to supply their loss? Will you ever be in a better position to resist than you are now? Will you ever have a higher truth to defend?

I am in favor of a dissolution of the confederacy for existing wrongs, and for the purpose of restoring the Union which the *ism* venders have destroyed by their abandonment of the maxims of the enlightened christian State, and their substitution of their own criminal and ruinous measures in the place of them. They are the disunionists, to wit: The Free Soil disunionists at the North, and the Submission disunionists of the South.

To dispute the right of the State to resume to herself the powers with which she may have clothed the government, is to dispute the right of the master to resume or recall the power with which he may have clothed the servant. The idea springs from pettifogging thought, as is not sufficiently respectable to be combatted.

Discriminating taxation may be rightfully resorted to in this case, so may any other remedy, but I decline discussing its merits at present.

To censure the Governor and Legislature of Georgia for doing what they thought was their duty under the sanction of their oaths, is nothing more than a vulgar manner of stating a difference of opinion. This would be merely silly. The people of Georgia might begin to perceive that such action on the part of the Convention, did not meet the demands of this great crisis.

Very truly,
DAVID F. DICKINSON.

To a Voter.

From the Richmond (Va.) Republican.

THE NEGROMANIA.

IF ever a nation had reason to be sick and tired of a subject, this nation has cause to be nauseated to death with the negrophobia. If a State, like a man, can be subject to monomania, then have some States in this Union become irretrievably mad with one idea. There have been various delusions current upon this earth; some men, in a fit of hypochondria, have imagined themselves teapots, and politely requested to be poured out; some have seen an ugly spectre ever haunting their path; but never before have we heard of whole communities going stark, staring mad upon one subject, and that subject, so far as half of them are concerned, the merest abstraction.

You open a Northern newspaper. Its articles are nearly all devoted to negroism. Its thoughts are as black as its type. You go to a political meeting.—The genius of universal emancipation is flapping his wings from the rostrum. You fly to a church. The minister is holding forth upon the sorrows of cuffee, and urging rebellion. You go home to bed, and your very dreams are of the same sombre color. From morn till night; from night till morn; all is black, black, black; and if the thoughts and sentiments could give a color to the skin, we should expect to see the whole nation of Yankeedom present to-morrow the richest field imaginable for "charcoal sketches."

This monomania swallows up all other things.—Its huge jaws have engulphed tariff, distribution, all the old dividing issues of party—yet still it is hungry and unsatisfied. The disease seems to have become chronic. Even Jenny Lind's sweet voice has failed to break the spell, and Bochsha's harp, unlike that of "King David," has been unable to drive the demon from the breast of our American Saul.

"Hung be the Heavens with black." The agriculture, the manufactures, and the commerce of this country, one would think, might supply ample materials for the restless and inquisitive minds of the modern Athens. Far from it. If they think of agriculture, it is not the fertility of the earth, the yellow harvest, the gentle rains, the glorious climate, which engage their attention. No. The only figure visible to a fanatic's eye, in the midst of the gorgeous scenery and golden abundance of the New World, is that of a negro bending over his labor in a *cotton field*. "Ah, poor wretch look at that," exclaims our philanthropist. "Ah, Slavery, behold thy miserable drudge! What is that man doing?—What are his thoughts now, at this moment?"—What is he doing? He is doing what thou hast never done, oh monomaniac—he is minding his own business; he is obeying the great injunction to "earn the bread by the sweat of the brow." He is thinking of the hoe cake, bacon and greens which he is to have for his dinner. He is *not* thinking of the morrow's cares and responsibilities; of notes in bank; of liabilities of various kinds; of little children looking to him for bread, and of the future of those children. The great Creator holds in His hand a balance of compensation: He is merciful even in His wrath; He punishes the descendants of Adam for the sin of their father, but leaves them many flowers to make them forget their thorns; He has condemned Canaan to Slavery for the sin of Ham; yet, while He has given his body to bondage, He has exempted his soul from that more terrible servitude of care and responsibility which weighs upon the white man's spirit, and makes his heart sore and weary with its heavy yoke.

Nor can our monomaniac find food in commerce more than agriculture for healthful thought. The proud ships which bear the trade of the world, he sees not, though it must be admitted he has an eye for slavers on the African coast. By a singular obliquity of vision, he looks with entire complacency upon the manufactories by which he obtains his daily bread, forgetful that he himself is living upon the sweat and toil of Africans. Yes, oh monomaniac, that very negro, just present to the fancy in the southern cotton-field, is laboring for thy factory, and but for him and his race thy vocation would be done, and an embargo laid on thy bread and butter worse than that which made the a nullifier in 1808. Hadst thou an imagination as fertile for good as for evil, thou would see hosts of black forms propelling thy machinery, while the cheerful songs of black workmen would mingle with the rushing waters of the stream and solace even the gloomy spirit. What a madman! To see nothing else in this glorious country but the one subject of Slavery; to regard this magnificent Republic, with all its power, wealth, plenty, and unbounded freedom, merely as "a bright jewel in an Ethiop's ear."

These monomaniacs, so devoted to the weeds of woe, cannot recognize other colors. They live in a dungeon of the blackness of darkness, and their eyes cannot look upon the sun. To their mental vision their is no attractive hue but black. They look with calm indifference upon the red indian, whose lands their fathers robbed, and whose blood is on their fathers' sepulchres. They see nothing to admire in his heroic port; his more than Spartan Fortitude; his successful resistance to bondage; his native genius. They experience no emotion as he is driven at the point of the bayonet from the spot where he was born; the graves of his fathers; the fields where he sported in childhood; the cabin where he had wooed; the woods where he had hunted—to the far, far west, only once more to be forced upon his weary pilgrimage and driven westward, westward, until the Pacific arrests his steps. And *white* has even less claim than *red* upon the sympathies of our modern philanthropist. Two men are arrested in the streets of a Northern city for debt. One is a white man, and he is taken to jail to pine and rot behind his dungeon bars without a word of consolation or a deed of charity from a human soul. The other is a negro, and an attempt is made to rescue him in the street, on the supposition that he is a fugitive slave; and on mistake being discovered, his debt is paid by the crowd on the spot! Such a case recently occurred in a Northern city. That is a fair illustration of the black monomania. Were the two angels which appeared in the streets of Sodom for the protection of Lot to visit one of these abolitionist towns, they would be hustled about with as little ceremony as they received in Sodom. Were the Prince of Darkness to escape from his place of bondage, his color would prove a passport to the best circles; Theodore Parker would preach a sermon in his behalf; old Mr. Quincy would deliver him, if arrested, on a *habeas corpus*; and all Boston would threaten to nullify the Christian religion before he should be taken back to the cruel servitude of the pit.

Poverty, Distress, Crime, find no friends with the monomaniac when allied to a white skin. In every large city of the North there is a sight more sorrowful than any which can be imagined under the most tyrannical slaveholder It is those abodes of infamy with which the streets abound; those market-houses of prostitution; those gilded cages in which many an enslaved bird withers away, and even as it sings, is almost mad with the thoughts of the pure air and unshackled freedom of its native forest. Yet for these most wretched multitudes the monomaniacs have no sympathy. They know full well it is not animal passion which brings these victims to such a fate; that it is sometimes temptation, but most frequently WANT—arising from the white slave system of the North, which compels them to them to toil in the fabrication of garments and other modes of labor for a mere pittance, while men, who ought to be at the plow-handle, grow rich and sleek upon their gains. Why not break up this horrid Slavery? If it be contrary to the principles of abolitionists to expend money for the purchase of black slaves, why not pour it forth in a mighty flood to wipe out these stains of sin and sorrow from the groaning earth?—Alas, the sinners and sufferers are *white!* That girl decked with choice fillets for the slaughter, and on whose rose colored cheek lies coiled the ugly worm of Guilt, is *white*; that mother, who is dying perchance of a heart broken by her daughter's shame—she too is white—and her tortured spirit may escape from earth without a tear of abolition sympathy, or so much as the kind farewell with which Christianity would address even a penitent convict—Go, suffering soul, to be happy with God.

Is not Abolition madness? May it not be the madness which goes before destruction? There is but one danger to the Union of this country, yet upon one rock the ship may go to pieces. This *negrophobia* may carry off the young giant of the West, whose strong arm had appalled the nations, and whose step made the earth tremble. An end as ignoble as our beginning was glorious. Who can think with patience of the idea that a Republic of twenty millions of freemen should sacrifice its own liberties for the emancipation of three millions of slaves? And those slaves incapable of self-government? Who can listen to the daily outpourings of negrophobia, without feeling that in the political Eden of this Republic the Spirit of Darkness is upon his walk, clothed in an angel's robes of philanthropy, yet preaching up the same lessons of revolt and disobedience which first led to the downfall of our race?

From The Louisiana Courier.

PUBLIC FEELING AT THE NORTH—THE REAL DISUNIONISTS.

WE hail with satisfaction every demonstration from the North of attachment to the Union, by which we understand the support of the Constitution and laws of the country. The recent remarks of Judge GRIER of Pennsylvania and the late public meeting in New York are gratifying evidences of patriotism. But they are mere evidences, and nothing more. Anti-Slavery from New York to Maine, with large masses of the population, is no longer a political question. It has become, as Mr. WEBSTER himself long since proclaimed, "a religious sentiment;" a question of conscience. It is so argued from the pulpit by evangelists of every denomination, and by all the numerous sectarian journals published in that quarter. Great abilities, great wealth, great moral excellence are exerted to give the subject this complexion, and so completely have they succeeded that even the educated classes there now believe, that Slavery is a flagrant crime; that opposition to it is an atonement for sin, and that their chances for Heaven are in proportion to their efforts to extirpate it. In one word, FANATICISM, fierce, rampant and ungovernable is in full career, and its red squadrons regard every attack on southern rights as a blow struck at an enormous evil, and highly acceptable in the sight of God. This is the prevailing feeling. Mr. SEWARD, a Senator from New York, and a man of distinguished talent, openly inculcates this view, and teaches that the law of conscience abrogates and invalidates the guarantees of the Constitution. He and his doctrines have been lately endorsed by the assembled delegates of the whig party of the State of New York, compcsed of the most influential, opulent, enlightened and popular men of the party, prepared to sacrifice character and interest to conscientious conviction. Do we require stronger testimony than is furnished by this pregnant fact? Turn to the Massachusetts whig Convention. There, without a dissenting voice, resolutions were passed congratulating the country on the growing influence of the Anti-Slavery feeling, as evinced by recent events in Congress, and solemnly pledging themselves to strive on until they secured its triumph. And only the other day Faneuil Hall—which we have been accustomed to refer to as "the cradle of the revolution," and to associate with whatever is most national and sacred in the history of our country—was allowed to be desecrated by an amalgamation-meeting of free negroes, fugitives and whites, and JOSIAH QUINCY—a historical name—once the rival of Henry Clay in Congress—late President of the oldest and richest university in the United States—stood by the side of a runaway slave, and, as a lawyer, advised resistance to the law not in the courts, but with the bowie-knife! More than this—he notified us that the act of Congress never could be enforced in all New England; forcible resistance was unnecessary, simply because the moral sentiment of the people would render it inoperative and nugatory. Who will stand up in Massachusetts and gainsay the word of JOSIAH QUINCY? Mr. Webster was in the vicinity when Mr. Quincy made this declaration, but he dared not contradict him. Against the hurricane of Anti-Slavery sustained by religious enthusiasm, even Mr. Webster, collosal as he is, shivers like a reed. In Faneuil Hall, a few years ago, when the whigs, with Abbot Lawrence at their head, were indignant at his remaining in the cabinet of Tyler after the other ministers had thrown up their portfolios, he braved the storm and thundered down opposition. The commercial interests of Boston were his great auxiliaries on that occasion, they believing that his negotiations with Lord Ashburton alone prevented the calamity of war, and the ruin of their business.—This, and his audacity, sustained him. But now, nothing merely sordid, or selfish, or political, can be invoked. No great interest is his ally. His eulogies on the Union have become stale, and fall impressionless on fanatic ears. His courage falters. Many denounce; many spare him; but all condemn the slightest concession to what they term "the dark spirit of Slavery." They hold their consultations, pass their resolutions, nominate their candidates, promulgate their creed, and take measures for their success, without any regard to his views; or consultation with him. What a storm it must be that thus paralyzes DANIEL WEBSTER in Massachusetts! The same feeling pervades the non-slaveholding States in the West. Bishop Andrew, of Georgia, recently declared, that the whole body of the Methodist clergy in those States were commissioned to preach a crusade against Slavery. Everywhere we find the christian sects uniting on this point, invoking the blessing of God on their efforts and propagating doctrines fatal to our security.—We cannot be faithful to our country and shut our eyes on this condition of things. He is worse than a traitor—he is an accessory to murder and rapine who disguises or excuses this fanaticism. The South should know it. There are those among us ever ready to denounce southern ultraism, who perceive nothing to rebuke, nothing to be censured, nothing to be alarmed at in the excesses of public sentiment at the North. They strive to deceive the community. They divert the public eye from the point of danger, and alarm the national patriotism by the cry of disunion! It is time to stop this. The men of the South who are resolved to submit no more to unconstitutional exactions, and incendiary usurpations, are the true friends of the Union.—*They are disunionists*, and the accomplices of the disunionists, who at the North wage war on our vested rights, and here disguise the object and consequences of that war by perpetually harping on the Union. There are no disunionists here, but those who abet and excuse the fanatics of the North The charge against the men of the South is false. It is made for the most part, by northerns residing here to conceal the designs of their own brethren and kindred, and by the toadies of these northerners. And whenever they make the charge, it should be branded as *false*, without regard to persons.—We rarely hear one southern man accusing another of being a disunionist; nine times out of ten this charge is made by men from the North who, probably at home would be quite as hostile to our rights as any of their kindred fanatics. They sneer at every thing Southern. They fancy that we cannot exist without them; that their manufactures and their enterprise are indispensable to our comfort and prosperity. They are eloquent about Bunker Hill and Lexington, but they forget Eutaw, and Yorktown and the plains of Chalmette. They fly into a passion if one ventures to expose and resist the enormous encroachments of the North, but they treat those encroachments as trifles and palliate or deny them. This we say is done, and done here in New Orleans every day, by men who suck the substance out of the community wherever they can fasten themselves upon it; and who conceal their own treason by charging others with disunion sentiments. They may push this thing too far. Their hypocritical clamor about the Union is loosing its effect. A great reaction is visible. The public begin to discriminate. There are no sacrifices, short of the surrender of vital rights, that the people would refuse to preserve this Union. But forbearance towards those who rob us, and then charge us with the robbery, is not one of those sacrifices.

From the Mobile Herald and Tribune.

INGRATITUDE.

THE ingratitude of Massachusetts is one of the most striking features of the age. If a stranger were to rely on many of her newspapers and popular and pulpit orators, he would suppose that nothing much short of cannibalism is the ruling propepsity of the South. Contempt, contumely and all manner of opprobrious terms are the rule of those papers and people when the South is alluded to; and yet it may be stated, without exaggeration, that, if it were not for the bounties showered upon New England by the South, and the vast trade which it derives from this section, Boston would have been a mere village, and, instead of the State being reticulated with railroads and sprinkled every where with thriving villages—the accretions of manufacturing industry—the whole soil, in all probability, would have been deserted by its enterprising people for the new and more prolific territories which have been acquired by the confederacy. As it is, her population, accumulating too fast for subsistence at home, has been scattered abroad through all parts of the country.

Let us take a single item of industry to illustrate this point. It is estimated that the value of the shoes (made mainly in Massachusetts) that are imported into Virginia is $2,000,000. One house in Richmond, in that State, imports annually of this article $150,000's worth. To manufacture this amount, it is stated that five hundred workmen would be required. Thus the trade of this one house gives bread to five hundred men in Massachusetts. This exclusive of women who are employed to do the lighter parts of the work of the fabric. The *Richmond Despatch*, from which we derive this information of the extent of the trade in Virginia, says:

"By the exercise of a proper economy, this $150,000 would be kept at home, for the employment of our own people. Let us see how much of our own merchandize and produce these five hundred workmen would take.

"We will allow to each workman twelve dollars a year for clothing. This is a very moderate allowance; far within the mark, we are convinced. Yet it will answer our purpose for the present. Now, here would be $6,000 to be distributed among our merchants for dry goods, and among our tailors and seamstresses for work. How many of these latter would it feed? Again, the food consumed by each of these workmen would amount to at least $100, giving $50,000 more to be distributed among our bakers, grocers, millers, &c. This of itself would form no inconsiderable item; but when we take into consideration the number of idle hands it would set in motion, its importance grows upon us. We say nothing of the lodging of these persons, nor of the sheets, blankets, counterpanes, bedsteads, &c., affording employment and profit to merchants, needlewomen, cabinet makers, upholsterers, &c., nor of the crockery, and hardware, and other necessaries which they would be compelled to use. Upon a fair average, we think that if these shoes were manufactured her in Richmond, it would cause an additional expenditure here of at least 250,000, besides giving employment to seven or eight hundred persons. But this one house, it must be recollected, does but a small portion of the shoe-importing business, comparatively. We have no doubt that the annual sums expended in this manner reach, if they do not exceed, $500,000, and that the employment of it in the way indicated, would add to the expenditure in the city 8 or 900,000 dollars, giving employment to more than 2,000 persons."

All this, be it recollected, is the result of one article of consumption. How much is spent this way by the South in ready-made clothing, in "notions" of all sorts, in cotton goods, in buckets, axehelves, buttons, pins, hats, and, in short, every thing which is needed for the wants of our domestic economy? Let the reader, if he can make the estimate, sit down and see what, without this vast trade, would become of Massachusetts. Where would be her towns, her thousands of thriving men? Where would be those persons who are nullifying the fugitive law? Where would be the nabobs of Boston? Where would be the sources of those immense profits which enable those nabobs to make donations of ten, twenty and thirty thousand dollars to charitable institutions and colleges?

We say, then, that, without the South, New England would be contemptible, politically and socially. If we did not supply her avarice, she would have no power to nullify our laws or villify our reputation. If we did not feed her insolence, the power that she has acquired by our hands would be concentrated here among us, and, as she were shorn of her eleemosynary wealth, it would centre here, making us strong and placing us above the reach of her fanatical assaults.

Here, then, in the South are the elements of our own force. George Thompson has come to Boston to conquer us on our own soil. Here on southern soil we can conquer the conquerors—or in the words of Byron, can make

> "The desolater desolate,
> The victor overthrow,
> The arbiters of others' fate
> A suppliant for their own."

On this subject we select the following from the *Charleston Mercury*, which is a good tail-piece to the argument:

NEW BEDFORD.—We yesterday copied a paragraph from a northern abolitionist print which stated that there were about seven hundred fugitive slaves resident in that place, and inviting additions to the number. This we thought sufficiently pregnant of meaning by itself, but we have since been reminded that it has a more direct and immediate application to our friends of the seaboard, in this State and Georgia, than we were at the time aware of. We have been shown a list of some of the northern coasters which were engaged in our trade last winter, and find that no less than twenty-one vessels of that class hail from the ports of New Bedford, Fall River and Sipicon, all in the immediate neighborhood and within a few miles of each other. This fact will go far to account for the seven hundred runaway negroes under Quaker protection at New Bedford.

Here is another tail-piece—a homœpathic dose of the remedy for the ills we have been describing:

A Savannah correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun* says: "I may mention as one of the fruits of the Slavery agitation, that a coasting schooner was launched in Charleston, a few days ago, which is the first of a series of vessels which are to be built in that State for the purpose of rendering her people independent of northern shippers. A similar enterprise is now in progress in this city. A number of gentlemen here are engaged in building a steamer for the Florida trade, all the materials of which are to be of southern growth and manufacture. Every stick of timber, every pound of iron, and article of furniture, as well as the mechanics who are building it, belong to the South, and to this State especially. This is but the beginning of the end.

From the (Raleigh, N. C.) Semi-Weekly Standard.

BOSTON NULLIFICATION.

THE *Fayetville Carolinian*, speaking of the outrageous conduct of the citizens of Boston on account of the Fugitive Slave Law, says:

"On Thursday last, we saw a citizen of Fayetteville, just returned from Boston, after an unsuccessful demand for his slaves. He found that it was useless to attempt to execute the law. That part of the population not active in resisting the law, were perfectly *passive*; and although he thinks that a large majority of the people were in favor of executing the law, they yet take no steps to accomplish it. We think, however, he is mistaken. If a majority were *willing* to execute it, there would soon be found a *way* to do it. He was very politely told that he was not safe in the city, and that he had better not stay. They were very anxious about his safety. The officers of the law all declared, without trying, however, that they could not execute the law."

On Saturday last we had a long and interesting conversation with a distinguished citizen of this State, who accompanied the Fayetville gentleman of whom the *Carolinian* speaks, to Boston, with the view of reclaiming some escaped slaves. The slaves *had* been in Boston, but had left before their arrival, as they were at length informed by a Police officer who *consented* to serve them. This was the information they received, but there is no certainty it was correct. The slaves may be there now, concealed by the Abolitionists; but if their owners had succeeded in getting them in possession, under an order from a Judge or Commissioner, we have no idea, from all that we have learned, that they could have returned in safety with them, or indeed have brought them back at all. They would have been compelled to encounter a mob in Boston, and mobs in Worcester, Springfield, and Hartford, on their way home—mobs of thousands of excited whites and furious blacks, which no *posse comitatus* called out by the Marshal could have resisted or put down. George Thompson, the English Abolitionist is received with shouts and honors in Faneuil Hall, and Amin Bey, the Envoy of a Mohammedan despot, is toasted and dined in the City of Boston, while two of

the most intelligent and respectable citizens of North Carolina, who had gone there in the exercise of their legal, Constitutional rights, are foiled in their efforts even to get sight of their property—their footsteps dogged by enemies—and they advised to leave forthwith to avoid insult and injury to their persons! Is *this* the Union which our fathers formed? In connection with this subject we ask attention to the following article from the *Southern Press:*

"THE BOSTON ENTERTAINMENTS.—The Boston papers are filled with accounts of the delicate attentions paid, and the fraternal feelings expressed by the citizens of that place to Amin Bey, the Turkish ambassador.

The reception of the ambassadors from Georgia was equally warm, but not quite so flattering—the *Bee*, of that city, thus delicately insinuating to them that their absence was advisable:

"If these Southern slave hunters were our particular *friends*, we would by all that is safe and sound in the human face or body, advise them to leave the city. From the mobocratic spirit exhibited yesterday, it certainly is not safe to remain here. Notwithstanding all that the law and its administrators can do, their lives are in jeopardy. They cannot go through our streets without the fear of assault. The feeling is fully roused in the breasts of many to visit them with the utmost violence. We seriously regret this, but nevertheless cannot evade the fact."

Mr. Webster, it seems, aided in doing the honors and eulogizing the Union at the Turkish entertainment, but we did not observe that Mr. Webster interfered to stop the outrageous proceedings of his fellow citizens, when insult was heaped on the ambassadors from Georgia, for relying on the professions of these deriders of disunion, that the Constitution was not a dead letter.

We certainly do not demur at any exhibitions of hospitality or of courtesy; but it must suggest painful reflections to every true-hearted American citizen that the emissary of a foreign potentate is treated with honor and respect in the capital city of the North but three days after their nominal brethren from Georgia were placarded like felons on the highways—hunted, harassed, and insulted—and finally forced to flee, while asserting a right solemnly guarantied by the Constitution, and reaffirmed by the last Congress.

Are the free citizens of the South to be put out of the pale of the courtesy which the subjects of the Sultan receive? and is this the Union which Mr Webster so lauds—this the entertainment to which the South is invited by the revolutionary city of Boston, and the glorificators of the "Peace measures!"

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment....Without Compromise.

NEW YORK: THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1851.

ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE
Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society.

THE Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society will be held at the TREMONT TEMPLE in Boston, on WEDNESDAY, Jan. 22d, and will probably continue in session the two succeeding days. We need not remind our friends of the importance, at this juncture, of a large attendance, and a full representation of every part of the State. Beyond a doubt this will be, what the times so much require, a thronged and enthusiastic meeting. And we cordially invite our friends, beyond the limits of Massachusetts, to be with us on this approaching anniversary. Let every true soldier in the warfare against Slavery, every one who is determined to have no share in upholding the accursed thing, all who fear God and his laws more than Slavery and its mean and cowardly enactments, come to the annual meeting of the old pioneer Society. Again let the voice of Massachusetts and New England go forth in tones that shall startle the oppressor, and make him let the oppressed go free.

☞ In addition to the long-tried and eloquent advocates of our cause, whom we have been wont to see and hear at our annual gathering, we have great pleasure in saying that our faithful and noble friend, GEORGE THOMPSON of England, is expected to be with us. The Annual Report is expected to be printed and ready for distribution in the course of the meeting.

FRANCIS JACKSON, *President.*

EDMUND QUINCY, *Secretary.*

THE LIBERATOR—ANTI-SLAVERY SOIREE.

THE LIBERATOR having completed the TWENTIETH YEAR of its existence, and entered upon its third decade many of its friends and patrons have expressed a desire to join with the friends of the Anti-Slavery cause generally, as far as practicable, in celebrating the event in a suitable manner. On consultation, it has been decided to hold a SOIREE, for this special object in COCHITUATE HALL, Boston, on FRIDAY evening, January 24th, at the close of the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society on the afternoon of that day—thus giving an opportunity to the abolitionists, in various parts of the commonwealth, attending the anniversary, to be present. It cannot fail to be an occasion of thrilling interest. In addition to a substantial and elegant entertainment served up by Mr. J. B. SMITH, to supply all bodily wants, there will be vocal and instrumental music, and addresses may be expected from GEORGE THOMPSON, WENDELL PHILLIPS, W. L GARRISON, FREDERICK DOUGLASS, and other friends of Emancipation. Tickets 50 cents each.

☞ As only a limited number can be accomodated, those who desire to be present at this commemorative gathering, and fully purpose doing so, are recommended to make immediate application for tickets to ROBERT F. WALLCUT, Anti-Slavery Office, 21 Cornhill. Tickets will be reserved for such as are ordered by mail.

LONG SENT BACK

THE result in the case of Long we briefly stated last week. Below we give the final proceedings before the Court, the arguments of Counsel, and the harrangue of the Judge.

On Wednesday of last week the return of the alleged slave was made, and the ceremonies attending that proceeding were a fit winding-up of the various incidents of the seventeen days during which the case had been in court, and Long in prison. It will be observed that the slave-catcher demanded that the sovereign power of the United States should be his body-guard, on his way home, an attendance to which, according to the act, he had a right. Of course the requisition was granted, and at the appointed time the Republic waited upon the man-hunter, and in the persons of its various officers, preceded, followed, and surrounded him on his way through the streets in solemn procession, and with such pomp and circumstance as wait always on the progress of mighty powers. In all this there was no burlesque, and in thus speaking of it far from us be the wish to excite a smile. The whole proceeding was fit and proper. The thing there and then done was the deed of the sovereign people, and the act of one of the most powerful nations on the face of the globe. The act moreover was in itself the attribute of the highest power in governments—the assumption of authority over all the rights and privileges of the individual citizen, and the right to dispose of him for life. An act so solemn needs to be surrounded with all that can make it imposing, and that may impress it on the minds of the beholders that here is a great deed doing—a deed of the last importance to each of them—a deed sublime and great, or else one that should make men tremble either with fear or indignation.

With this feature of the new Fugitive Act we, at least, have no complaint to make. We are glad to know that this return of Long will probably cost the Government for travelling expenses a thousand dollars, to be added to the other thousand which no doubt the seventeen days of litigation has cost the claimant, the Union Committee, the city and the State. And it is cheering to know that the return was rendered as imposing as the presence of civil authority and its officers could make it. The captor and the captive marched through the streets, from the prison to the steambont, attended by the Marshal of the United States and his aids, and guarded on either hand by an armed band of the city Police two hundred strong. The usual crowd that attends all pageants waited upon this, and when the procession arrived at the boat it was gazed upon by a crowd of five thousand men, conspicuous among whom was that patriotic individual, and next to Daniel Webster, the Chiefest Defender of the Constitution, Captain Isaiah Rynders, with a rifle upon his shoulder, looking for "A DAMNED ABOLITIONIST." Here the body guard defiled and, pressing back the crowd, formed a passage through which marched the officers of the Republic and its captive negro to the boat which removed him and a large number of attendants beyond the border of the State. His arrival in Virginia still attended by United States Officers from this State, Mr. Deputy Marshal Talmadge and others, is since reported, and the owner, having got him safe now as a slave, threatens to send him further South, if the demand for him here shall not reach the market price in Southern shambles. We wonder how long this sort of slave-trade will last. Abolitionists, we trust, will have nothing to do with it.

The decision of Judge Judson may excite some surprise. 'If A-s-h-a does'nt spell Asia what the devil does it spell?' said Lord Timothy Dexter; if this is'nt Henry Long, says Judge Judson, then where is he? His Lordship and his honor are equally logical. Judge Judson is convinced first that there is a Henry Long who is a fugitive. This man's name is Henry Long. If he is not Smith's slave then he must have been born in New York, and has a father and mother, brothers and sisters, here, all of whom would rush into Court to swear to his identity, and that he is not Henry Long, Smith's slave. But the father and mother, brothers and sisters, are not forthcoming, therefore this Henry Long was not born in New York; therefore he was born no where else but in Virginia; therefore he was born Smith's slave. Nay, this is not the end of his deductions; for therefore—the non-appearance of his whole family—there is such a man as Smith the claimant, who rightfully inherited this same Long, without any relations in New York, and the said Long did wrongfully run away. So admirable a course of reasoning, if generally adopted, will clear away a good many delays and difficulties in the administration of justice. How easy, for instance, to dispose of a capital case by such jurisprudence. It will only be necessary that the Judge charge the Jury, first, that a murder was committed; second, that somebody committed it; third, that the prisoner at the bar is guilty, for if he isn't, who is? and fourthly, that the jury must find a verdict accordingly, as any evidence going to show the prisoner's innocence, must have been a mistake. For such was the conclusion to which Judge Judson finally came. Having made up his mind that this man must go to Virginia as the slave Henry Long, he quietly sets aside all testimony that would lead him to any other conclusion. We have no doubt if persons claiming to be father and mother, brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, had rushed into Court and severally sworn that they knew the prisoner as a member of their family, that he was born in Church street, and was never off Manhattan Island, the Judge would have pronounced them all to have made a great mistake as to persons, or times and seasons, to which, being colored, they were peculiarly liable.

But who is Judge Judson? asks some one. He is one whom the colored people of this country are not likely to forget, and who had reason to look for just such measure of justice from him as he has meted out to Long when any of them should fall into his hands. His residence is in Connecticut, and he was here unfortunately at this time to perform the duties of a brother Justice incapacitated by illness. Abolitionists of the early days will remember his connection with Connecticut. He it was who instigated the mob against Prudence Crandall for teaching colored children the rudiments of learning. He it was who procured the passage of the "BLACK LAW" of that State which made such teaching penal, and forbade the immigration or migration of colored people in Connecticut; the news of which law was received with ringing of bells in Canterbury—Mr. Judson's residence—where by virtue of its authority Miss Crandall was immediately thrown into jail, and immured for a night in a cell from which a murderer had shortly before been led out to public execution. It was this same Judge Judson, then a village attorney, who hunted up an obsolete Blue Law and proceeded against a pupil of Miss Crandall's, who was ordered to leave the town of Canterburg within ten days, in default of which she *was to be publicly whipped on the bare back.* And it was he who has the honor of first maintaining on Miss Crandall's trial the doctrine to which in his judicial capacity he now adheres so religiously, that colored people are not citizens. Those who recognized in the Judge Judson of the Circuit Court the attorney Judson of Canterbury in 1833, expected no other termination in the Long case than that which has occurred.

But after all, it will be observed, the Constitutionality of the late Law has not in this case been touched upon. It would have been folly to have brought it up, even could it have been directly reached, before such a Court. That question is reserved for future litigation, and though we can not wish for an occasion, yet when it comes it will be tested. The Judge's assertion even that the council were satisfied of the Constitutionality was unauthorized, as Mr. Jay's opinion on that point is still unchanged.

U. S. CIRCUIT COURT.—Before Judge Judson.—In the case of *Henry Long*, claimed by Wm. Parker, of Richmond, Va. on behalf of John T. Smith, as a fugitive from Slavery. This case was concluded.

Mr. Jay, in his opening for the defense at a former meeting, alluded to the words of the Constitution on which the acts of 1793 and 1850 claimed to be based, which say that persons held to service or labor in one State and escaping to another shall be delivered up to the person to whom such labor is due.

Some question has been raised as to the class of persons to whom the clause refers. In the Convention by whom it was framed an attempt was made to introduce slave in its own term, but it was objected to, and the clause put as it now stands.

In some of the States, South Carolina for instance, the acceptance of the Constitution was urged, because it gave them an opportunity to recover their slaves, which they had not at common law. Other arguments may have been had in other States. It may be that allusion to slaves may have been the intention among the Southern States, but nothing is shown to make us suppose it so understood by the free States, or rather from those who have since become free States [we believe the whole of the then thirteen States held slaves, and that eight of them have abolished the system.] The general impression of the free States was that it referred to persons bound to labor by some contract between themselves and the master, and had the Supreme Court of the United States adopted the language of the Constitution, according to the rule more than once laid down by it, it would have been so decided. The general doctrine which that Court has recognized in construing the Constitution of the United States and of the several States, is that of never going out of the words of the law or the Constitution, and altogether disregarding historical records. Judge Story, in p. 534, vol. 2, Commentaries, in speaking of going away from the words, says such a doctrine would be novel and absurd, and Congress could never pass a law without an inquiry into the mind of every member of the convention, and no government on earth could rest for a moment on such a Constitution. In 1st St., p. 267 to 392, he says the Constitution was adopted and submitted on the text itself, and opposite interpretations may be presumed to have been introduced in different sections, and it is not to be presumed that even in the convention the clauses were held by all the members in the same sense.

Mr. Webster, in a letter of 7th March, 1850, admits the word 'held' in the Constitution is synonymous with the word 'bound.' The Constitution, therefore, says persons 'bound' to labor, shall be given up. The Supreme Court has adopted a different interpretation from this, in violation of all its other decisions, and said persons were held to service without contract by local laws.

But even in that sense, your Honor will be justified in deciding in favor of this man, and to say whether it has been legally shown that John T. Smith is the person to whom he legally owes service. A large body of Free State citizens find themselves compelled to sustain an instrument to which the Supreme Court, by a historical record, contrary to all its other decisions, has given a meaning different from the plain words themselves.

Property in this man must be shown by positive and irrefragible proof of the very best kind. Secondary evidence cannot be allowed without good cause for the non-production of better evidence; and unless the testimony fully makes out title, and shows him to be a slave, your Honor is to adjudge him free.

Some attempts have been made to prove him a slave by acts and declarations while he is said to have been a slave. Your Honor has decided that such proof shall be received *nisi*, to be admitted or excluded, as your Honor may see fit.

The value of slaves is $500 to $1,000 and $1,200 a piece, and sometimes more. A portion of our people, and I regret among them a number of our divines, are in the habit of representing Slavery in the South, superior, in certain cases, to freedom at the North, so that in these two points of view, their value in the market and a superior condition, it becomes a matter not only of benevolence but of profit to kidnap persons of color and carry them to the South.

In South Carolina, if a free negro entertains a slave, he becomes a slave. In 1827 a free woman, and her three children, were made slaves for entertaining two colored children, 6 and 9 years old.

In Virginia, manumitted or freed slaves are returned to Slavery again by the law, unless they leave the State within twelve months. This is against every principle of right and common law.

In Maryland, a free negro who marries a white woman, becomes a slave.

In the District of Columbia, and generally in the slave States, negroes not known to be free, are presumed to be slaves.

In Georgia, a free colored man coming into the State, and unable to pay a fine of $100, becomes a slave for life.

In Florida, insolvent debtors, if colored person, are sold to pay their debts.

In the District of Columbia, free persons of color, imprisoned on suspicion of being slaves, are sold as slaves to pay their jail fees.

In 1839 a report was made in the Massachusetts Legislature, stating one instance in which 25 colored citizens were confined in jail at the South liable to be sold into Slavery, and in another where 75 free persons of color from different States were confined, alike exposed.

Many persons from free States have been reduced to Slavery under Fugitive Laws. A few years since, the Mary Gilmore was arrested in Philadelphia as a fugitive slave from Maryland, and testimony brought up in support of it. But it was shown by proof that she was of Irish parentage, her father a drunkard, her mother died in a hospital, and the girl was brought up in a colored family.

In 1839 a colored man was arrested in Philadelphia on a charge of having escaped from Slavery 25 years before, and four witnesses gave evidence of the fact under oath. By a singular coincidence a New England captain was in the same prison with the man, who knew him 29 years before, when he sailed with the captain between eastern ports, and his testimony with that of others secured the man's freedom.

Mr. Jay also related other circumstances where free persons of color, by laws at the South are reduced to Slavery, the object, Mr. J said, being to show the great danger of admitting the acts or even declarations of a party to show he was held as a slave. There is no evidence that this man was held by Dr. Smith under any title whatever. In addition to this we will show by witnesses that Henry was in this City when it is said he was held to Slavery in the South.

It was stated in the Court room, as to the domestic conduct of slaves, that a slave is permitted to have a wife who is also a slave, but that when the owner chooses to send one or the other off for sale or hire, they are separated.

The testimony of the witnesses has already been given.

At the opening of the Court yesterday, after some little other business had been disposed of by the Court, Mr. White rose on the part of the defense, and addressed the Court in a powerful train of argument for about two hours. He would admit for the purpose of this trial, that the law was constitutional, but thought the portion in regard to appointing Commissioners to act in a judicial capacity was not so, and that the Supreme Court, in a proper application, has set that part aside.

Mr. W. showed that the law of 1850 contemplates two modes by which the owner of a slave who escapes may seek to recover possession of him—the one by proof in the State from which the party escapes and the certificates of a Court or Judge in that State, that such slave owes service and has escaped, which certificate shall be final, with the exception of identity, in the place to which he has escaped. The other is to claim the alleged slave in the State to which he has gone. The latter has been done in the present instance, and the party is bound, in such a case, to proceed strictly according to the rules of evidence and of common law, that law and humanity presuming the party thus claimed to be a freeman.

Mr. W. then contended that neither the acts of the alleged owner or his declarations, or those of Long himself, can be admitted as testimony, from one principal reason, that it was stated in evidence that Henry had been the property of Mr. Anderson of Virginia, that the estate had been administered upon and that an inventory recorded in the County Court of the personal property, of which description Slaves are considered a part. All the testimony presented has been secondary testimony, while the parties were bound to produce first testimony, that is the records, to show that Henry had been held to labor. Mr. W. quoted authorities to show that where secondary testimony is offered, and first or better can be produced, it is not only invalid, but the omission must be held as adverse to the claim of the party.

Mr. W. contended that the testimony of Haskins & Libby might have been presented, as he was said to have been held to labor by them, and that various other parties, judging from the statements of the claimants themselves, might have been produced as first evidence and which has not been. He quoted testimony to show that neither of the witnesses testified to a knowledge of his having actually been a slave, or held to labor within the meaning of the Constitution and act.

Mr. W. then referred to the proof on the other side, to show that Henry had been here three or four years, and the Court will not discard proof as did the Commissioner at Philadelphia, who sent a freeman into Slavery merely because the witnesses were persons of color.—They are the ones to know him, and to have been in the habit of meeting with him, and they are the proper witnesses.

In his introduction Mr. W. stated that he had been retained as counsel, not by Henry, because he had no money, but by those who from motives of humanity and justice wished to befriend him. Mr. W. alluded to the idea expressed by gentlemen on the one side of danger to the Union from having causes fairly tried—he did not apprehend any, nor would he, on the other hand, endeavor to prevent a person to whom service was legally due obtaining possession of the party, but it must be done according to the rules of evidence and of law, and he contended that in this case there was sufficient evidence in an ordinary case of assumpsit, to establish the claim of the party making it, but that the proof and the assumption was the other way, that nothing was shown that Henry was held to service or labor in Virginia.

Mr. Wood, in behalf of the claimant, then rose. He read a letter which he had received from Georgia, from a Union man, complaining at the course taken at the North in regard to the subject of Slavery, stating that there are 100,000 voters in Georgia, 75,000 of whom are enrolled in behalf of the Union, but if they are denied their rights under the Constitution they must take other action. Mr. Wood referred to the fact that at the time of the Constitution all the States held slaves, and had done so while Colonies of Great Britain—not by any law, but by custom, which became American common law, and so regarded by all the Union. Several of the States have since abolished Slavery, but they were willing to carry out the Constitution as regarded the other States. It is only about fifteen years since the Wilberforces and others in England, succeeded in abolishing Slavery in the British Colonies, that many persons in this country found out that it was a great sin to have slaves, and the effort now, by the principle of a higher law, is to break down the system entirely. The feeling is strongest among the people of New England at home and wherever else they may be located.—They celebrated justly, the merits of their pilgrim fathers, and the descendants of those pilgrims, and yet those pilgrim fathers held slaves [Mr. W. paid a compliment generally to the New England character.]—The zealous friends of abolition might look at the Scriptures to show that Slavery has existed in all ages.—The system, perhaps, is an evil, but so is an absolute monarchy, and yet we are not going to fight windmills to get the world rid of them. Mr. W. made some severe remarks as to over zeal, &c.

In allusion to the remarks of Mr. Jay, at the opening, as to the stringent laws in relation to free persons of color at the South, Mr. W. said those measures had become necessary from the fact that books, papers and pictures, calculated to stir up the Slaves against their masters had been sent by those free colored persons, and the regulation was to prevent on the part of the owners, the throats of their wives and children being out, that had caused it. He also referred to the fact of the defense in Philadelphia being successful—and of the honor of the Southerner recently in sending the man back.

On the merits he contended that sufficient had been shown to prove Henry to be a slave—one witness knew that he was born a slave—that his mother was a slave—and it was shown that he had been in possession of the claimant as a slave, and view the case in that light as ordinary property, possession is good proof in law unless the contrary is shown. Mr. W. contended that the witnesses for defense were mistaken as to time, but even if they were not, and the mistake as to time is on the side of the claimant, still the proof is positive that he was held as a slave, and that the claimant, therefore, is entitled to him.

Mr. W. concluded by a strong appeal of the necessity of faithfully carrying out the law, and thought if it is not carried out the Union will be dissolved.

Mr. Wood, in his remark as to the testimony, referred to Mr. Tappan, and other gentlemen who have taken an interest in the defense, but thought them over zealous, &c.

UNITED STATES COURT.—Before Judge Judson.—In the case of Henry Long, claimed as a fugitive from Slavery.—The Court-room was densely crowded yesterday to hear the decision of Judge Judson—the gallery being occupied by colored persons, among whom were several females.

Judge Betts took a seat on the Bench beside Judge J. Henry Long, the alleged fugitive, was in Court, as also Dr Parker, the claimant for Mr. Smith, with several friends from Virginia, Mr. Tappan and other gentlemen. The Judge proceeded to deliver his opinion.

This proceeding has been brought into Court in pursuance of the Act of Congress of Feb. 12, 1793, and an amendment of Sept. 18, 1850. J. S. Smith, the claimant, is a resident of Virginia, and claims the restoration of Henry as a fugitive from *his* service. To reclaim to that service he has, under a valid power of attorney, caused the arrest of Henry by his authorized agent and attorney.

An affidavit having been filed in Court, a warrant issued, and the arrest made, Henry is now in custody of the Marshal of this district, awaiting the determination of this matter. No questions have been raised in regard to the form or validity of the papers or the case.

The claimant has produced his evidence in support of that claim, and the alleged fugitive, by his counsel, has produced such evidence as the counsel deemed proper, all of which has been heard and considered.

Counsel, learned in the law, have discussed with great ability the questions involved in the case.

And now it devolves on the Court to decide these questions according to law and evidence. However important a cause may be to the public or an individual, no other rule can ever be adopted in the administration of justice.

If *evidence* is to be *weighed*, that must be done in even scales. If the law is to be interpreted, there must be no departure from the long-established rules belonging to the code of the civilized world.

Before stating the questions now to be determined, it may be proper to remark that, in the argument of the case, the learned counsel of the defense, who last addressed the Court, did, with great frankness and candor, admit that the law of Congress of Sept. 18, 1850, by virtue of which this case is now proceeding in the Circuit Court of the United States, is in no manner inconsistent with the provisions of the constitution.

Or in other words, so far as this Court and this cause are concerned, *this law is constitutional, valid and binding.*

To this admission it may well be added that every Judge and Court in the United States, having taken upon himself the oath to support the Constitution, can by no possibility fail in the performance of that duty whenever a case falling within the law, supported by competent proof, is brought before them. To do otherwise would be a violation of known duty and a prostration of all laws, never to be required of any Judge by a single individual of that community in which he may be called to act.

These considerations and *this admission*, supersede all necessity of discussing, either the constitutionality of the law or its power over this Court.

What remains then to be done in the present case? It is simply to inquire:

1st. Does Henry Long by the laws of Virginia owe service and labor to John T. Smith, the claimant? and

2d. Is Henry Long a fugitive from that service within the meaning and intent of the second section of the IVth article of the Constitution of the United States, and within the meaning of the acts of Congress above mentioned.

These questions of *fact* comprehend all that the Court has to determine.

The case is therefore brought down to a very narrow point, the common sense *construction* and *weight* of evidence, may be alluded to as furnishing a guide for the mind.

The *means of knowledge*, the integrity and standing of witnesses, the probability of the story related, the liability to mistake as to time, facts or circumstances, connected with the case, these are all to be taken into the account in giving effect to the terminating of the case. To return to the *first question*, does the person arrested, according to the laws of Virginia, owe service and labor to the claimant?

By the laws of Virginia Slavery is tolerated. The Constitution of the United States yields its sanction to that law, and since the organization of the Government, the *Supreme Court* of the United States in its numerous decisions, have upheld *the right*; therefore, no subordinate tribunals can now call it in question. In point of fact, then, how stands the case and the proof in regard to the person claimed?

Dr. Wade, a citizen of Virginia, an intelligent witness, speaks of his own knowledge to this Court, bearing testimony that Henry was born in his own immediate neighborhood, in the town of Christianburgh, Va.; that his mother was a slave, owned by Mr. Anderson; that they were brought up together as boys and men; that he has always known him, and seen him in service as a slave; that this claimant married the daughter of Mr. Anderson; that after the death of Mr. Anderson, the mother and son passed into the hands of this claimant; and this witness adds that he has now met Henry in New York, and in conversation with him, and in seeing him here in Court, he knows him to be the same person, and positively swears to his identity as he would to his own brother.

Dr. William Parker, another citizen of Virginia, testifies that heretofore he has been in the habit of visiting John T. Smith, his brother-in-law, in Russell County, Virginia, and saw there, *in service as a slave*, the person here arrested—that at the instance and request of Smith, and as his agent, this witness had the letting of Henry in Richmond, Va. to the house of Haskins & Libby, *as the slave of this claimant*, and collected the wages, transmitting the same to his brother-in-law Smith; that while so in service in Richmond, Henry was sick more than once; that *he* was his physician, attending him while sick, and set up with him through the night; that at the request of Henry, he wrote to Henry's wife and master in Russell County.

Two witnesses, masters of vessels sailing between the ports of New York and Richmond, have also testified that they have frequently seen this man at work in the store of Haskins & Libby during the time stated by Dr. Parker; that since that time, they have seen him in this city, and seeing him here in Court, identify him as the same individual.

The second question is—Has Henry Long escaped from the service of John T. Smith?

Dr. Parker testified that in Dec. 1848, Henry left Richmond; that he advertised him; that with diligent inquiry he could not be found there; and that since that time he has been found in New York.

On the part of the claimant it is insisted that this evidence should be deemed satisfactory proof competent in law.

On the other hand, the counsel for defense have introduced four witnesses, who testify that they saw Henry in the city of New York in November and December, 1847, January, 24, 1848, and from that time down to the present.

It is claimed on the part of the defence that the alleged fugitive was not in Richmond at the time sworn to by Dr. Parker and the two ship masters.

There is no necessary contradiction between the witnesses thus introduced. They only differ as to time. There is no doubt that these four witnesses have seen Henry Long in New York, but as to the precise time they may be mistaken, and have substituted the year 1848 for 1849. For instance, the paper which bears date January 24, 1848, was undoubtedly written in 1849, for the witnesses declares that her father-in-law sailed for California in a particular ship which sailed in January, 1848, as she swears, when in point of fact the ship sailed in January, 1849.

Then as to the testimony of John Butler. He testifies that he saw Henry frequently—that Henry was a constant driver of a carriage from a particular street named by him, and that he often met him at a blacksmith's shop in Centre street. One of these witnesses testifies that Henry was a waiter at a hotel in New York. Another one that he saw Henry with his waiter's garb and dress on board the Vanderbilt, all in the year 1848.

If these things actually occurred in 1848, it would be an easy matter for Henry to inform his counsel where lived the owner of this coach he drove so long; whose was the hotel in which he waited, and who was the Captain of the Vanderbilt in 1848 for whom he served; they would all have been here.

This omission goes far to show that there may have been a mistake as to the precise time when Henry was first seen in New York, and an honest mistake too.

There is another remarkable omission which characterizes the defence.

Are there two Henry Longs? I have heard of no such pretence, and if there be but one Henry Long, the question naturally presents itself here. Is this man now present *the* Henry Long of Virginia, or is he Henry Long of New York. And if this latter, why are not his parents, his brothers, his sisters, his neighbors, his boyhood acquaintances here to identify him, instead of John Butler? They would all rush to the Court room and tell us that this man is the Henry Long of New York, and a free man. This aspect of the case is one of singular importance.

These considerations lead the Court to the inevitable conclusion that there is no real contradiction arising out of the evidence of the case, and that the two great questions of fact involved in the controversy, are maintained upon satisfactory proofs competent in law.

The consequence is that a certificate in conformity of the act of Congress be now issued by the Clerk of this Court, for the surrender of Henry Long as a fugitive from service and labor.

During the reading of his written opinion, the Judge offered various remarks. He said at the adoption of the Constitution of the United States all the then 13 States held slaves—it was not a compromise between Free and Slave States, but a mutual contract by the whole. New York, with some other States, has since seen fit to abolish the system, which event occurred in this State, or the limited time for its extinction, so late as 1827, at which time there were great rejoicings on the subject. Had a slave, during that time escaped into Virginia, he would have been delivered up to the claimant in New York. Virginia has seen fit to continue the system, and is still entitled to the privileges of the Constitution. Shall New York now say she will not carry out that compact, and refuse to give up fugitives from labor? If she does so decide, it is she that breaks the Constitution, and dissolves the compact, and not Virginia. The latter has a right to come in and claim fugitives from labor, and it will be the duty of other States to give them up, unless the Constitution should, to the contrary, be amended.

I came into existence, the Judge said, prior to the adoption of the Constitution—witnessed the assault upon it in 1801—also in Philadelphia—also under the embargo laws of Massachusetts—saw the assaults on the Constitution in 1812—the attack on it in 1805 by the traitor Burr—also that of 1832, under what was called Southern Nullification, and am happy to say, as all must, that amid all these attacks the Constitution has carried us gloriously through. By the aid of the immortal Jackson the Country was saved in 1832—by the aid of the people I trust the country will be saved from a breach of the Constitution in the present emergency.

After the rendering of the opinion and the decision that Long be given up to the claimant, (Dr. P.) to be carried back to Virginia, and the certificate delivered, Mr. Western, on behalf of Dr P. and sworn to by the latter, made an affidavit setting forth that great excitement exists, and he has reason to apprehend that Long will be rescued by force from his possession before he can be taken beyond the limits of the State [the mode pointed out by the act] and claiming the assistance of the U. S. Marshal.

Mr. Jay stated to the Court that he did not see the necessity of the affidavit, or that there was any cause to apprehend violence.

The Judge said he concurred in the views of Mr. Jay, as there has not been the slightest manifestation of anything of the kind throughout the whole of the proceedings.

AN AMERICAN POLITICIAN AND POLITIC PARSON.

AMONG other matters which want of room for a week or two past has compelled us to pass by unnoticed are the letters of the Hon. and Rev. John Atwood, of New Hampshire, who has been trying the difficult feat of riding two horses going different ways at the same time, and has had the bad luck to come to the ground. The story is too significant to be lost, and though most of our readers have probably already heard it, we are not willing that so instructive an incident should be without record in a paper intended for future reference no less than present reading.

Three weeks ago the regular candidate for Governor in New Hampshire was the Rev. and Hon. John Atwood, whilom a Clergyman, but more recently the Secretary of State. It was desirable that his opinions on certain exciting topics of public interest should be known, and a Committee of Free-Soilers undertook to ascertain what they were. The following correspondence accordingly ensued:

CONCORD, Wednesday, Nov. 30.

HON. JOHN ATWOOD—*Dear Sir:* Believing you will recognize the right and duty of the people to know the opinions which candidates for high office may entertain on subjects of vital interest to the country, we take the liberty to submit to you very respectfully the following interrogatories:

1. Are you opposed to the further extension of Slavery, and if favor of its prohibition by act of Congress in the Territories recently acquired by the United States?

2. Are you opposed to the present oppressive Fugitive Slave Law? and, if elected Chief Magistrate of the State, shall you deem it your duty, as a citizen, and in your official capacity, to favor all peaceful and constitutional measures to effect its early repeal?

Hoping to hear from you at your earliest convenience, we are, with sentiments of high respect and esteem,

Your friends and fellow citizens,

JOHN H. WHITE, SAMUEL GRIFFIN,
HENRY HURD, LEONARD CHASE,
J. P. HILL, J. G. HOYT,
SYLVESTER H. FRENCH.

Mr. Atwood's Reply.

NEW BOSTON, Saturday, Nov. 20.

GENTLEMEN: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 20th instant, in which you were pleased to allude to my position before the people of this State, requesting an expression of my views in regard to the extension of Slavery into the Territories, the present Fugitive Slave Law, and my future course if elected to the office of Chief Magistrate of the State.

It is due to myself to say that, having retired to a small farm to enjoy the quiet of a private life, I have no solicitude for public office. Nor am I insensible to the high trust and arduous responsibilities of the Chief Magistrate of the State. But, as this nomination has come to me unsought and unasked, I have accepted it as an honorable token of the confidence reposed in me by my friends. Should I be elected by the people to that office at the next election, I shall endeavor so to discharge the duties of that station as to show that the confidence reposed in me has not been misplaced.

In early life I imbibed a sacred regard for Constitutional Liberty, Human Rights, Universal Freedom, and the good of the Race. And these sentiments have been strengthened and incensed by the events of many years up to the present hour. I trust I have learned so much of the Gospel of the Son of God, that wherever an individual of the human race is found, I look upon that person as my brother, without regard to his national origin. And by these cherished sentiments I hope I may be directed to the latest hour of my life.

To your first inquiry, *Whether I am opposed to the Extension of Slavery*, I reply that having for many years regarded the whole system as a great moral, social and political evil inconsistent with the spirit of our republican institutions, and dangerous to the well being of the Union, I am, in the language of the New Hampshire Legislature of 1849, "firmly and unalterably opposed to the further extension of Slavery over any portion of American soil now free." Believing, also, in the language of the same Legislature, that "Congress has the Constitutional power to prohibit the introduction of Slavery into any territory now free," I am in favor of the use of that power in the territories recently acquired by the United States, where legal enactments in the organization of territorial Governments have not rendered it absolutely impracticable.

To your second inquiry, *What are my views in relation to the present Fugitive Slave Law?* I am free to say that while I recognize the validity of that clause of the United States Constitution which provides that "persons held to service or labor in one State, escaping into another, shall be delivered up on claim of the person to whom such service or labor may be due," I cannot but believe that the present law contains provisions not warranted by the letter of the Constitution, nor necessary to carry out the spirit of its requirements. It does seem to me, that the framers of that instrument, when they guaranteed trial by Jury, "in all criminal prosecutions," and in "all suits at Common Law" involving more than twenty dollars, did not intend to deny the right to such a trial in cases involving the liberty of a person for life.

Inasmuch as the present law denies this right to all persons *claimed* as "fugitives from service," and also imposes obligations and services upon the people of the Free States, which, in my judgment, neither the Constitution, nor Conscience require at their hands, I cannot give the measure my support. Regarding many of its provisions as unprecedented, oppressive, and liable to be perverted to the enslavement of free citizens, I shall, whatever station I may occupy, favor all proper, peaceful and constitutional measures for its repeal or essential modification.

Ardently hoping that this and all other questions which now disturb the harmony of our common country, and spread a dark cloud over the face of this glorious Union, may be settled in a manner worthy of a Christian and Republican people.

I am, with the highest respect,
Your fellow citizen,
JOHN ATWOOD.

To Hon. JOHN H. WHITE, and others.

This to the querists was quite satisfactory. It was such an answer, in the main, as should be looked for from a Democrat and a Christian, and especially one who had been a Christian teacher as well as a ruler in the State. His sentiments on the interrogations of his friends were of no recent growth, and of no transient character. His regard for Liberty was learned in early life; nay, it was 'imbibed,' by which, doubtless, he meant that with his mother's milk he took it in; nor was it simply a 'regard,' but a '*sacred* regard,' and that there might be no possibility of misconception, it was not enough to say regard for Liberty alone, but the large heart of the candidate expands with the love of "Constitutional Liberty, Human Rights, Universal Freedom, and the good of the race;" all which, though it may be, strictly speaking—as somebody said of a similar expression—an error in tautology, that, nevertheless, should be overlooked and pardoned to the warmth of eloquence and the enthusiasm of the patriot. Nor did this goodly temple of political character want a moral basis. This 'sacred regard' had strengthened with his strength, and grown with his growth. By the events of many years he alludes, doubtless, to his clerical profession, and his vocation so long as a teacher of the great fundamental doctrines of morality. 'I trust'—observe the humility of the Christian minister, for it is the clergyman, not the politician, who is speaking now—'I trust'—he raised his devout eyes, no doubt, as he wrote—"I trust I have learned so much of the Gospel of the Son of God;" *so much* at least; the first and simplest, and plainest lesson of the Gospel, at least, the good man 'trusts' he has not failed in learning; he may hope that in all humiliation; namely, "that wherever an individual of the human race is found, I look upon that person as my brother, without regard to his national origin." And such not only always had been, from the breast, the sentiments of the honorable and reverend candidate, and strengthened and increased by the intervening years, but such he hoped—hoped not in doubt, but rather in derision of a doubt—he hoped they would be to the latest hour of his life.

Amiable and excellent man! It should have been quite unnecessary that, after the avowal of such lofty sentiments, he should declare himself opposed to the extension of Slavery, or of slave-catching. But unfortunately, according to the American moral code, one may not consider his watch safe from his neighbor because he declares himself opposed to all pilfering; he must declare his abhorrence of stealing generally, and of stealing that watch in particular. So the American politician must avow his hatred not of wrong, of tyranny, of Slavery generally, but of some particular wrong in the system of Slavery in the United States; for he may do the first, while running down a fugitive slave; perhaps he may do it if he declares the last, but the chances are in favor of a man's not being a fool, however great a rogue he may be. So Mr. Atwood went into particulars.

It was no sooner known that this letter had been written than a Loco-Foco Committee, of men who are the embodiment of New Hampshire Democracy, hunted up Mr. Atwood with the zeal with which they would ferret out a fugitive slave, and had him before them at Manchester. The result of the interview was the following letter, which appeared immediately in Extra sheets:

To the Editors of the N. H. Patriot:

GENTLEMEN: Having had my attention called to a letter purporting to have been written by me and addressed to John H. White and others, and published in the *Independent Democrat* of this date, I wish in justice to my political friends and

the destinies of the country? Not at all; tried by the American standard not one whit worse than they—only more unlucky. He did in a few days acts between which they are careful to let years intervene, and was unfortunately found out. The difference between him and them is only a difference of time and of cunning.

CONVENTION AT SYRACUSE.

We have received no report of this Convention, but we learn, from that in the *Tribune*, that it was not altogether harmonious. The minority were not satisfied with the action of the majority, and convened anew after the adjournment. We shall not attempt to state, as we are not sure we understand aright, the cause of difference. The following are the Resolutions adopted by the main Convention, offered by Gerritt Smith:

1. Resolved, That we pour out upon the Fugitive Slave Law the fullest measure of our contempt, and hate, and execration; and pledge ourselves to resist it actively as well as passively and by all such means as shall in our esteem promise the most effectual resistance.

2. Resolved, That obviously and grossly unconstitutional as is this law, nevertheless, this is not the chief reason why we condemn and defy it: for equally, whether they are constitutional or unconstitutional, do we condemn and defy all laws which insult Him, who is above all Constitutions, and which, aiming not to protect, but to destroy right, and therefore to be regarded as no laws.

3. Resolved, That horrible as is this law, we must bear in mind that it is but a perfectly natural and not at all to be wondered at exaction of Slavery; and that hence our first and great work is to get rid not of the law, but of Slavery—as it would be our first and great work to pursue and kill the mad dog instead of pausing until we had effected the cure of one of his bites.

4. Resolved, That between corrupt politics on the one hand and corrupt churches on the other—between the politicians and parties who enacted this law, and the Priests who are preaching its enforcement, there is no hope for this nation unless it shall very speedily be brought to prefer honesty to knavery, both in its religious teachers and civil rulers.

5. Resolved, That were the current religion of the country to be exchanged for black infidelity, the abolition of Slavery would be comparatively easy.

6. Resolved, That inasmuch as every National party in this nation must, because it is a National party, spare, if not indeed positively favor Slavery, it follows that whoever belongs to the Whig or Democratic party, or to any ecclesiastical National party, does, however unwilling or unwittingly, give his influence and support to Slavery.

7. Resolved, That the time has come and had long ago come for gathering a Northern political party, which shall be both determined and able to carry out the principles of the Federal Constitution, and the principles of humanity and religion in overthrowing the base and bloody system of American Slavery, and in establishing a righteous Civil Government.

8. Resolved, That we welcome the presence in this Convention of William L. Chaplin, and render thanks to Almighty God for having preserved him alive while under the blows and threats of murderous ruffians, and while in the dreary prison, to which villainous and piratical Governments had committed him.

9. Resolved, That instead of rebuking and scorning, we love and honor this dear brother for having done that for which Jesus Christ will say unto him before an assembled world: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

10. Resolved, That if William L. Chaplin has done violence to the principles of Republicanism and Christianity in aiding a couple of his fellow men to make their escape from Slavery by getting into his carriage, then are Republicanism and Christianity the deadliest enemies of humanity, and the cruelest lies that have ever been propagated.

11. Whereas, Notwithstanding the considerable amount of donations toward effecting the liberation of our brother Chaplin, he was obliged by reason of the exorbitant bail required of him, to borrow large sums of money from various individuals:

Resolved, Therefore, That we deeply sympathize with him under his pecuniary embarrassments, and warmly desire that the benevolent may soon relieve him of them.

12. Resolved, That the liberation of Chaplin is an occasion for remembering afresh and pitying afresh Drayton and Sayres, and calling afresh upon this hypocritical and cruel nation to set these outraged and afflicted brethren at liberty.

13. Whereas, Inasmuch as the imprisonment of Drayton and Sayres for aiding their fellow men to escape from the horrors of Slavery, is an imprisonment for what not only humanity and religion pronounce a virtue; but for what the law of the Declaration of Independence, since it declares "that all men are created equal" pronounces a virtue; and for what the law of the Federal Constitution, since it declares its object to be "to establish justice and secure the blessings of liberty," does also pronounce a virtue.

Resolved, Therefore, that it would be not a lawless act, but a lawful as well as a humane and religious act, to demolish the prison of these philanthropists, and let them go free.

We copy also the speech of Mr. Chaplin in the Convention, as it explains the circumstances attending his recent arrest in Maryland.

Rev. Mr. Lougen (a Methodist Clergyman of Syracuse) then rose and addressed Mr. C. substantially as follows:

W. L. Chaplin: I am a fugitive from Slavery. On behalf of myself, and the other fugitives here present, I bid you welcome to Syracuse. We thank God that W. L. Chaplin has lived? We thank you for the love you have so recently manifested for the slave; we thank you for the labors of your life in behalf of our oppressed and down trodden race. There are many happy families in New York and Canada, who owe the privilege of breathing free air to your labors. [Cheers.] A mighty victory has been won by your unyielding integrity. [Cheers.] May God bless you. We trust that the name of William L. Chaplin will ever be borne in remembrance by our children and our children's children—that they may never forget one who has proved so noble a friend of our oppressed race.—[Cheers.] Mr. L. referred in most touching and eloquent terms to the prayers that had been put up, day and night, for his deliverance.

Mr. L. sat down amid the cheers of the audience, to all of whom he is well known as "every inch a man."

Mr. Chaplin responded. The terms in which his brother had referred to his labors in behalf of Human Freedom were too flattering. He had done no more than his duty. For fifteen years he had done what he could for the cause. If this occasion were to be regarded only as a congratulation on account of the fact that whereas some three weeks ago he was an inmate of a jail, hunted by the authorities of the United States, and of the very sovereign State of Maryland, yet that he was now free, he would not regard it of as much consequence as he now did.

Mr. C. then said he would state the circumstances of his connection with the affair which resulted in his imprisonment in the jails of the United States, which those present were taxed to erect and support, and in a jail in Maryland, which he should think nobody was taxed *much* to support. (Laughter.)

He said the thought would often arise, Was he right? He did not go to Washington—nor did he remain there—to aid slaves in their escape. He was there in the regular course of business, as he had been most of the time for three or four years past. It was true, that for years he had learned to think and talk of Slavery as hard as the fanatical Abolitionists of New York. Feeling, thinking and talking in this way, it was very natural that the colored people—for poor people are apt to find out their friends—should find him out. They did, at all events; and for years had been in the habit of consulting him in regard to sending news to friends at the North—in regard to education—in regard to their troubles—and also in regard to their legal rights; for he found in the course of his investigations that many were held in bondage in violation of slaveholders law. Last Spring the Slave Trade was unusually active—good "Boys" were worth much more than usual—and scarcely a day passed that gangs of chained slaves did not pass through the city, or one or more smart young men were not sold and put into the slave pens, to be taken to the Southern market.—This created alarm, and produced cases of unutterable hardship and agony, the tales of which, from his position came directly to his ears.

In the course of these events, it came to his knowledge, that two young men were confined in a very small space—with scarcely room to breathe—and that if detected, their secretion would involve many others in condemnation, and expose them all to severe suffering, and the untold hardships of the worst forms of Slavery with no chance of redemption. It was at his option to do what he could to relieve them, or to let them all alone. He thought he could aid, he thought he could save them. Was he right in making the attempt? That is the question.

He would make a supposition. That is a Yankee way of doing the thing, whether it was reasoning or not.—J. W. C. Pennington—it was a long name—was born very black—was born unconstitutionally (Roars of laughter)—in the State of Maryland, near Hagerstown. In 1828 he was nineteen years of age, by great hardship escaped into Pennsylvania, was taken in by a Quaker family named Wright, asked to stay all winter, did so, and the children taught him the rudiments of reading. He was a good blacksmith. In the spring he went to Brooklyn, was a coachman—the woman thought he was a little sleepy—but he was a good man. In visiting the family, Dr. Cox observed the man, and was interested in him. At the end of three or four years, Pennington went to the Doctor one day, for explanations in regard to something in the Greek Testament! He had mastered the Latin and Greek all alone! He then became a Schoolmaster in Brooklyn—afterward a minister in New England, and now in New York, and recently a German University had conferred upon him the degree of D.D. During all this time he had conducted himself in a manner truly worthy of all these distinctions and honors. Yet all this entitled him to the enjoyment of his natural rights no more than the feeblest child in this audience. But the question was: Had J. W. C. Pennington lived this noble life in Syracuse, and the slave-catchers were now after him, the Commissioner ready to sign the warrant to send him back to Slavery, and people enough ready to assist, and he was certain to go back, unless you came to his rescue, would you stand aside and let him go? Would you make it convenient to leave town on a journey just at that time, and leave him "to the care of Providence"? I ask, would you want to do such a thing?—or, rather, I will ask if you did, would you ever wish to see yourself, or hear of yourself again? (Tremendous applause.) I was in that situation. I knew and calculated the perils. I tried to run away, but I could not. I knew that a life in Jail was hard—that life in a Penitentiary was hard—that death was hard—but I also knew that other things were more calamitous than these. It is more calamitous for any man to deny his manhood. (Cheers)

He repeated that he did not go to Washington to rescue slaves. Whether it was the duty of any man to do so, he would not here discuss. It must be left to each one to decide for himself. Mr. C. went on to speak of the constant tales of woe and despair that filled his ears—that he went to bed and rose with the miseries of his fellow-beings constantly occupying his mind. In this connection, he bore testimony to the liberality of many Members of Congress in bestowing money to relieve cases of individual hardship.

Another thing. He did not suppose for a moment that he was committing a crime, *constitutionally*. He had, in common with many of the ablest lawyers in the country, arrived at the conclusion that slaves in the District of Columbia were not constitutionally—were not legally—held, even according to slave law. He knew he was right in the sight of Heaven, and did not believe he was interfering even with any human enactment. Now, what was the case? Two young men, whose names he did not know, whom he had never seen before, were allowed by him to ride in his carriage for two or three miles, more or less—and when thus proceeding, he was assailed by a band of assassins, who fired fifteen shots upon his party, and thrust a bowie knife through the panel of the coach, and assaulted him in a manner which had it occurred in the State of New York, would have subjected every man of them to a trial, capitally. Had this occurred in the State of New York, and he had shot every one of them dead, he would have been acquitted at law. But he carried no pistols—no weapons of death—as he never had done in his life; and he was not aware, until the assault, that any one with him was so provided. It was alleged by the prosecuting authorities of Maryland that he fired upon the party, yet there were persons present on that occasion, who would testify that he did not fire at all. And if Slavery is unconstitutional in the District, what an unmitigated crime was this murderous assault upon him! But it was claimed, that, as the persons with him were slaves, they had a right to assault him. Mr. C. briefly reviewed the Slave Statutes of Maryland, showing that the interference of her authorities was wholly gratuitous.

Mr. Chaplin continued at considerable length, in regard to the kind of conduct on the part of the North, which would convince the slaveholders that we of the North were in earnest, and believed what we said—in the course of his remarks paying a just tribute to those slaveholders who sympathized, and who aided him.—Men must be ready to sacrifice money, party sect, church, office, reputation. Then, men will know them to be in earnest. This was what he called true Christian sympathy. He also referred to cases of horrible cruelty and hardship which Slavery had inflicted under his own observation.

The issue, said Mr. C. which at the outset, fifteen years ago, was made by the Abolitionists, has now been met by the South. The positions then taken, were, that *Slavery was a sin against God, and a crime against Man.* The announcement of these positions, caused mobs among us; but it does not now. The South have now met this issue. They say that Slavery is neither; and that we shall deny our faith, by sending Fugitives back to Slavery. They say we shall not preach our doctrine, nor act upon it. The South is aroused to this ground, because Slaves are escaping, and they find sympathy at the North. All there is of Anti-Slavery, is involved in the question—"Will you allow Fugitives to go back, and thus admit that Slavery is right?—that it is not a sin against God or a crime against man?" After fifteen years of discussion, the principles of Freedom cherished at the North, and the principles of Despotism of the only institution at the South, are fairly at issue; and the question as to which shall prevail, is to be tried. The people of Syracuse and of New York were to determine this. Why, the District Attorney of Prince George's County, Maryland assured him that Massachusetts would establish Slavery in less than ten years! And he, (Mr. C.) verily believed that would be done, if they would allow Fugitives to be sent back to Slavery, under this law called the Fugitive Slave Law. But this would not be. The people will rally around the Fugitive. He could have no apprehension that Fegitives would long be returned under this act. A few would be kidnapped as under the old law—but only a few. The only fugitives will be those the people will make of the political demagogues who passed this law! [Prolonged and enthusiascheers.] He concluded by calling upon all men to *individualize* themselves—to weigh their actual responsibilities as men, and to obey the law of Heaven as revealed and as written upon their hearts by the same good and great Being. In the light of this, let every one determine what is his duty to God and Man, and but very few fugitives will be left to return to a life of hopeless bondage.

Mr. Chaplin took his seat amid the cheers of a delighted and highly interested audience. Mr. C. is not an "orator as Brutus is;" but he is an earnest, and therefore and agreeable speaker, to the lovers of Freedom. He is plump, six feet in height, considerably bald, hair a bright silver grey, muscular and nervous temperament, broad, square shoulders, and as straight as an arrow—apparently about fifty.

THE SLAVE-HUNTING LAW.

The following bill was introduced into the Assembly of this State on Friday last, read a second time the next day and referred to the Judiciary Committee. Its mover was Mr. Edwin S. Coffin of Otsego. The chief organ of the slaveholders in this city, the *Journal of Commerce* calls it an "infamous nullification bill," which is good evidence, so far as the opinion of one man may go, that it will answer its purpose of protecting the rights of citizens, and ought to become a law. A full expression in its favor by that portion of the press opposed to slave-hunting on our own soil would doubtless secure its passage.

AN ACT to prevent the arrest or the removal of free citizens of this State beyond its jurisdiction, except for crime.

Sec. 1. Any person who shall arrest or attempt to arrest, or cause to be arrested, or aid in arresting, or attempt to arrest any free citizen of this State, with intent to have such citizen removed against his will beyond the jurisdiction of this State, or who shall remove, or aid directly or indirectly, in removing any such citizen against his will beyond the jurisdiction of this State, shall be deemed guilty of kidnapping, and on conviction thereof, shall be punished by imprisonment in the State prison for a term not exceeding ten years, and shall also be liable in a civil action to the party arrested, or attempted to be arrested or removed as aforesaid, for the damages sustained by reason of such arrest or removal or attempted arrest or removal, as aforesaid.

Sec. 2. Any person who shall have openly and publicly resided in this State for one year preceding such arrest or removal, or attempted arrest or removal as aforesaid, shall in all courts and places be deemed, and held to be a free citizen of this State within the true intent and meaning of this act, until the contrary is proved as provided in the next section.

Sec. 3. On the trial of any indictment found under this act, or of any civil action given by this act, the defendant may prove that the person charged to have been arrested or removed, or attempted to have been arrested or removed as aforesaid, was not in fact a freeman entitled to come and reside in this State; and if the jury shall be satisfied thereof, they shall acquit the defendant; but no warrant, orders, process or certificate, issued or made by any court or office, and no ex-parte affidavit, deposition or record shall be received or admitted in evidence to establish the right to arrest or remove the person charged to have been arrested or removed, or to prove that such person not a free citizen of this State, within the true intent and meaning of this act.

Sec. 4. Indictments may be found under this act, in the county where the offence shall have been committed, or in any county into or through which any free citizen so arrested as aforesaid, shall have been taken or carried.

Sec. 5. This act shall not apply to the case of persons arrested or attempted to be arrested or removed from beyond the jurisdiction of this State, on a charge of treason, felony or other crime, or to cases of the arrest or removal of persons belonging to or employed in the Army and Navy of the United States.

The Union Club and Mr. Jay.—There is a Club in this city not yet world-wide in its fame, nor yet acknowledged as the sole American criterion of rank and manners, calling itself the Union Club. It has a wide reputation however through several up-town squares as being exceedingly aristocratic, and it especially prides itself on a Club-House, which contains several rooms for the convenience of its members, secured to them at a small expense by the lease of the basement as a Tailor's shop. Whether the title of 'Union' was given it from patriotic motives, or whether it is meant to typify the unity of the brilliant parts of the members, which, smothered by day in the various employments of smelling tea, feeling cotton and shaving notes, are permitted to air themselves in the gas-light of the Club House, in the evening,—which of those motives it was that dictated the name we are not informed. However, our readers who "live off the road" and never before heard of the Union Club, will understand that it is meant to be an imitation, or a rival rather of a London Club, and that it succeeds in that attempt as completely as snobishness ever can in imitating or rivalling anything.

Well, to this Club Mr. John Jay's name was presented a few days since, by some of his friends, for membership, and to his credit be it told he was blackballed. That, honor, we understand, belongs thus far to him exclusively, as no man or thing ever before proposed for admission to the Club has been excluded. Like the New York fashionable circles, it has heretofore been open to any body that could pay the price of admission. The privilege is denied Mr. Jay because he acted as counsel for Henry Long. The members are not ashamed, we hear, to own that it was done for fear his presence should not be agreeable to Southern visiters. The result has already justified the Club's estimation of itself; it was immediately joined by a cotton-broker who has 'considerable trade down to Mobile.'

Massachusetts Legislature.—In Massachusetts, Gov. Boutwell has been elected Governor; Robert Rantoul Senator for the short term, and Mr. Sumner for the long.

Domestic Correspondence.

From Our Boston Correspondent.

NO. LXXIII.

The Argument.—*A Happy New Year—Mince Pie and Plumb Pudding—Interdict removed—Partial dethronement of King Pumpkin—The Correspondent beginneth to preach, but checketh himself—The Bazaar—The Anti-Slavery Engineers—Why the Correspondent was not of them—Accident to the Corresponding Editor—The Powers of Mud—General joy, with particular exceptions—Sir Peter Teazle—The Bazaar and its success—The Perseverance of the Saints—The Customers—The Speeches—Mr. Thompson—Reception of his Speeches—His success elsewhere—The City and the Country—Glut in the lecture market—Causes—The Lowell Institute one of them—The Hospital of Incurables—His success, notwithstanding—The Cannon and the New Reign—Dynasties of Briggs and Boutwell—The Truck and Dicker and its success—Mr. Sumner and the Senate—Horrors of Whigs and Democrats—Washington and Boston—The "Commonwealth"—The Emancipator'—The case briefly stated, &c., &c., &c.*

Boston, Jan 13, 1850.

It is never too late for good wishes, so I will open my Correspondence for Fifty One with a Happy New Year for yourself and the *Standard*. We are not such veteran Wishers here as you are in New York; possibly caused by the proximity of New Year's day to Christmas bringing it within the ban under which that prelatic Festival was laid by the minute legislation of our Ancestors. Plumb pudding and Mince Pie (Plumb Porridge being, we apprehend, relegated from the Dining-room to the Sick Chamber) have been released from the disparagement and blasphemy which the Puritans called down upon their honest heads, and they now hold their own, if they had not in some measure showed on oneside the reverend Pumpkin whose "golden round and top of sovereignty" predominated over the Pudding Race of two centuries ago. But still we are willing to mark the day with a sober Benediction. Great events have marked the progress of the Year that has just spread its wings and fled away forever, events which Time does not put into the wallet at his back among the Alms he carries for Oblivion, which will grow blacker and loom the more until in some swift return he will usher in the Avenger and the Destroyer. But, I protest, I am beginning to *preach*, a work which I mean strictly to confine to my labors in your pulpit.

Let me see. I have not written to you since the Bazaar was begun, continued and ended. Its success was admirable and more than we had hoped. Faneuil Hall was never more beautifully decorated. The volunteer corps of engineers who perform that leafy work even surpassed themselves, though an impracticable Ball cut down the usual time of arrangement from three days to two. I can speak impartially on the subject as I was not one of them, as usually I have been, being prevented by a close personal attendance on your Senior Corresponding Editor, who was knocked down by a runaway horse, just as he was entering State street on his way to the Hall. You would hardly have known that invaluable member of your Editorial Corps when he arose *not* refreshed, from the embrace of his Mother Earth. He rather resembled one of the Powers of Mud than a Christian gentleman and creditable Editor. He was not confined for any considerable time and was about again immediately, certainly "the most imprudent man alive," as Sir Oliver Surface said of Sir Peter Teazle, after the scandalous Chorus had put a bullet in his thorax and run him through the body and then tried to dub him (Sir Oliver) a doctor to make him an accomplice, if the newspaper reports were correct which sentenced him to death in the most relentless manner. He escaped, however, serious injury to the general joy of all the world, in which I assure you I most cordially sympathised. To be sure, I *did* hear of one or two persons commiserating themselves because he was not killed. But, of course, "Envy does Merit like its shade pursue," and perhaps he would hardly have believed that he had the substance if he had not been followed by the shadow. Several other persons were hurt, one very seriously, during the career of the horse down State street, where he put an end to it by plunging into a cellar and breaking his neck.

The decoration of the Hall went bravely on, as I have intimated, without his help, and on Wednesday morning it presented as beautiful a display of goods as it has ever furnished. The gifts from abroad were as tasteful and abundant as in the best of years. If the Anti-Slavery women be not universally acknowledged as Saints, it certainly is not from the lack of the qualification of Perseverance. We were a little anxious on the score of customers, not knowing how far the patriotic devotion which had filled Faneuil Hall with the Whigs awhile ago, would operate in keeping their wives and daughters out of it. But our anxieties were soon over, and, whencesoever they came, there were buyers enough to produce quite as large a result (over $8,300) as that of last year. During the evenings of the last week addresses were made by Messrs. Phillips, Quincy, Thompson, Garrison, Buffum and Thomas Russell—Mr Thompson, I was assured, (for I was perforce absent) made a speech in his very best vein of Thirty Five. The Hall was as full as the tables would allow of, and there was no manner of disturbance save the most most vociferous applause and the loudest cheers at every one of the telling points. On Saturday evening, he again spoke *impromptu* and with admirable power and effect. It was a very fitting conclusion to the whole matter, the Bazaar closing its doors that night.

Of the success which has attended this gentleman wherever he has been, since the impulse of the Webster Whigs issuing from Faneuil Hall, last November, was felt in the remotest parts of the State and Country, you know from the newspapers. Wherever he has been his reception has been triumphal, and his success unqualified. All the lesser cities and chief villages seem to have vied with each other to give a rebuke to the ill manners and bad morality of the Metropolis. The effect of his presence as well as of his public speeches has been everywhere of the most arousing nature, and will leave traces which endure as long as Slavery endures, and as much longer as its existence is remembered. His invitations to deliver his Indian and English lectures before Lyceums were more than he could comply with. His entire course here, at Plymouth, Fall River and elsewhere, has been of an unusually successful character. The business of public lectures has been overdone in this market. Not even the widespread fame of Mr. G. P. R. James could call together a remunerative audience. The Lowell Institute has contributed a good deal to this result; the lectures being gratuitous, and, in some former years, of a high order of merit. Of late, however, the conversion of that Institution into a 'Hospital' of Incurables, for the relief of decayed Cambridge Professors and indigent young lawyers yearning for foreign travel, has, in some measure, destroyed its *prestige*. But the multiplication of other Lecturing Institutions goes near to supply the demand. When, therefore, we found the Tremont Temple, the largest room in the city, well filled, we were greatly comforted and refreshed. His lectures gave, we are well assured, the most complete satisfaction to all that heard them.

Even while I write, the booming sound of cannon tell me that the reign of Briggs is ended, and that of Boutwell entered upon the scene. I suppose his new Excellency has already mounted the throne, and a new Dynasty begun. It is the first fruits of the Coalition, vulgarly called Truck and Dicker, between the Free Soilers and the Democrats. The great battle, however, is to be fought to-morrow, over the U. S. Senatorship for six years from the 4th of March. The Free Soilers have given the Democrats the lion's share of the spoils of the State, and the short term; relying upon their honorably voting for Mr. Charles Sumner as Senator. There are various opinions upon the probability of their doing this thing. A variety of wishes have fathered a greater variety of thoughts, as to it. The Whigs, of course, are shocked and horrified by this coalition of the two Minorities, which have so long been kept out of their estate in the Commonwealth, by their tricky guardians, the impeccable Whigs. The Post and Hallet wing of the Democrats have almost gone into convulsions at the prospect of a Free Soiler going into the Senate for six years, by Democratic votes. This is the section which is desirous of keeping the Democratic Party "conveniently small" in the State, they being quite enough to absorb all the offices, when the Party is predominant in the Union. The country members, however, prefer that the party should obtain a fair share of influence in the State. The one looks to Washington, and the other to Boston, as the centre of their operations. The Free Soilers are very confident that the Democrats will play upon the square; thinking their interest, as well as their honor, lies in that direction. But as you will know the result before your next paper goes to press, I will forbear to speculate.

The Free Soilers have auspicated this New Year, by the establishment of a new Organ, the Commonwealth, which has absorbed the Republican. I have not seen enough of it to judge of its editorial merit. You will be astonished, if you do not know it; to hear that they have called their weekly issue by the name of the poor, old, battered, disgraced Emancipator! With so good an opportunity of burying it forever, it is strange that the upright and honorable men who I understand to be the responsible owners of the new paper should choose to retain a name which connects them with base and dishonest conduct which they would spurn themselves. It may be that the matter is not fresh in their memories, but they can hardly be unaware that the American Anti-Slavery Society keep up a continual claim to the Emancipator, as their lawful property, and they were bound to investigate the title to the property they have appropriated. It has very much the look, however little it may have been intended by the responsible parties, of a personal affront to the members of that Society. For, if we could not prove by the books and accounts of the Old Executive Committee, themselves, that the "Transfer of the Emancipator" was a fraudulent one, made under false pretences, and for base purposes, we have certainly borne false witness against our neighbors, and are undeserving the respect and esteem of honest men. We cannot think it wise, even in their generation, for them to keep alive a controversy, which none of us have any wish to prolong; but which must be maintained as long as our delegated rights, as Officers of the Society, and our personal honor, is concerned in it.—D. Y.

Miscellaneous News.

IMPORTANT CORRESPONDENCE—THE UNION AGAIN SAVED!

We had yesterday the inexpressible felicity of laying before our readers, a correspondence between Thomas Ritchie of Washington, who, (breaking through all the restraints of a narrow conventionalism and mere delicacy,) boldly alluded to the "secret and invidious reports," which attributed to Miss Jenny Lind, a connivance in certain "alarming and detestable projects;" and Mr. Barnum, who assured the venerable editor that he felt convinced, that Miss L. had no intention "to lend the slightest sanction to *any attack* upon the union of the States."

The correspondence—an enduring memorial of that vigilance which is the salvation of all Republics—did not end here. If the "nightingale" really inten.ed to attack the Union of the States, she was effectually foiled by our own native bird—our Ritchie—a bird that has a second time, by a timely warning, saved a Republic. But the supplemental correspondence which we supply, will show that the vigilance of our faithful sentinel at the Capitol was not exhausted by a single effort.

Ritchie to Barnum. No. 2.

Washington, Dec. 12, 1850.

Dear Sir:—I understand that there is an insidious report in secret circulation calculated, if not designed, to injure you in the estimation of the people of the city and of the South, and to cast a doubt upon the reputation of an ancient and venerable female, once associated with you. It is understood that the late Miss Joice Heath was a "fugitive from service," and that the favor with which she was received at the North, was due less to her intrinsic merits as a woman (and I am proud to say a Virginian,) than to the alarming and detestable enmity which the Abolitionists of the North have felt and manifested towards the fugitive bill of '93, the principles of '98, and the compromises of the Constitution.

Do me the favor to say whether this report is not without the slightest foundation.

With sentiments of high consideration,

P. T. Barnum. THOMAS RITCHIE.

Mr. Barnum to Mr. Ritchie. No. 2.

Washington, Dec. 12, 1850.

Venerable and Dear Sir:—Permit me to thank you for the promptitude with which you have unfolded to me the insidious report, which have attributed alarming and detestable projects against the Union, to the late Joice Heath, and which, if true, would necessarily involve an imputation upon my devotion to the Constitution. Let me assure you that from my intercourse with the late J. H., I have no hesitation in saying that that excellent lady would never have sanctioned, at any time during her prolonged life, any attack upon the Union of the States—that she was sympathetically attached to the principles of '98, and the compromises of the constitution, and the peculiar institutions of the South; and I am sure would, if either had been endangered, have been the first to rally to your side, to fight, bleed and die in the defence. As to myself, let me assure you that the memories of the compromisers, of the Constitution, and the principles of '98, and of yourself, their defender, will occupy a place in my mind, henceforth, side-by-side, with that of that venerable and estimable woman, your compatriot, whose fame you have thus enabled me to defend.

To Thos. Ritchie. P. T. BARNUM.

Ritchie to Barnum. No. 3.

Washington, Dec. 12, 1850.

Dear Sir:—An insidious report has just been put secretly in circulation, that you daily exhibit to the Abolitionists of the North, a black man in the process of turning waite, with the intention of reflecting upon the peculiar institutions of the South. The public mind is in such an excitable state, and the Union is in such danger of dissolution, that I feel it my duty to call upon you to disabuse the citizens of the South on this subject. Yours in haste,

To P. T. Barnum. THOMAS RITCHIE.

Barnum to Ritchie—No. 3.

Washington, Dec. 12, 1850.

Dear Sir:—It is true that I did exhibit at my Museum in New York, a negro of a spotted color; but it is false that I intended either to reflect upon your peculiar institutions or upon the public men of this city who are said to have reversed the process and to have changed their complexion in an opposite direction. Let me enable you also to appease any public feeling that may have been excited on this matter, by assuring you that upon the passage of the Compromise as a finality, I immediately arrested the process of blanching to which the negro was subjected, and that upon reading the letter of Mr Webster, he so far "conquered his prejudices" as to consent to preserve his complexion half-black and half-white, rather than by inclining to either side, to disturb the balance of the Union and precipitate our institutions into the gulf which, as you have repeatedly observed in your paper and have impressed upon your readers, "yawns beneath." That patriotic negro, sir, a Virginian like yourself and the late Mrs. Heath, now stand a living and walking impersonation of the spirit of concession, conciliation and compromise,

With profound respect,

P. T. BARNUM.

To Thos. Ritchie.

Ritchie to Barnum—No. 4.

Washington, Dec. 12, 1850.

Dear Sir—Another secret and insidious report has just been started; it is that in the Feejee Mermaid, you have intended to satirize the recent coalition (so-called) upon the Compromise bill, between my friend Gen. Foote of Mississippi, (impudently typified by the monkey-head of the Feejee monster aforesaid,) and the distinguished Secretary of State, Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts, who is said to be personated by the Codfish in which the ingenious fabrication alluded to terminates.

I need hardly tell you how much such a report is calculated to alarm and irritate the recent friends of the Compromise and particularly the citizens of the South.

Enable me to contradict the aspersion, if false.

Yours, THOS. RITCHIE.

To P. T. Barnum.

Barnum to Ritchie—No. 4.

Washington, Dec. 12, 1850.

Dear Sir—Permit me to give you my solemn assurance that I intended to point no such moral as you have alluded to, while adorning the tail of the Mermaid for my Museum. You style that work "an ingenious fabrication." Such praise from one so experienced is high indeed. But permit me to add that it is not only ingenious but patriotic. The Mermaid is the type of the conjunction of interests of the two sections of the country. Strike off the head, and what is it? Cut off the tail, and what is the mutilated remainder? Sir, I stand by the Mermaid as it is! Touch the Mermaid, and what becomes of our country, our property, our contracts, our institutions and the hopes of the world? Gone, sir, Gone!

With deep feeling, yours,

To Thos. Ritchie. P. T. BARNUM.

Ritchie to Barnum—No. 5.

Washington, Dec. 12—Midnight.

Dear Sir:—I have been just aroused from a brief repose, after the exhaustion of continued watching over the Union of the States (at every moment in danger of being dissolved) by Gen. Foote of Miss., who informs me that South Carolina is arming her sons, that innumerable muskets have been ordered, and that as soon as a loan is effected at the State Bank for the purpose of buying powder, the confederacy already undermined, will be blown up. Gen. F. informs me that Gen. Quattlebum has taken command; that hostilities, if commenced, will not stop short of victory or the utter annihilation of the ardent and chivalrous sons of the South, always anxious to die for their country.

These preparations have been made upon hearing that Gen. Stratton—otherwise called Gen. Thomas Thumb—has been approaching the South, with the intention of crossing the Potomac. That Gen. T. is a Northern man, I believe is admitted—that he entertains northern feelings, it is natural for us to apprehend. It is alledged even, that like the notorious Thompson, he is an emissary of England and France, bribed with foreign gold to break up the Union of the States. If northern military chieftans are thus to invade the south with impunity, I need not say that I too feel my apprehensions for the destruction of the Republic. I say, that in that case, the crisis has arrived; and that Virginia must again assume the task of saving the Union, (pretermitting secession) by re-enacting the resolutions of '98. Permit me to conclude by assuring you that while I, myself, and Gen. Foote would be willing to meet you and the military commander, your associate, as friends, we are nevertheless prepared to encounter you, like patriotic sons of the South, in deadly combat upon its sunny fields.

With such sentiments as the hope of the character of your answer may permit me to indulge, I remain,

THOMAS RITCHIE.

To P. T. Barnum.

Barnum to Ritchie—No. 5.

Washington: Dec. 13—8 A. M.

Dear Sir:—I have just been aroused to receive your startling epistle. Anticipating the fears that might naturally be excited by the march of a military Commander towards the Southern States, I secured from General Thumb the promise not to cross the Potomac. Gen. T. is ambitious; he has held acquaintance with Kings and Queens; he might aspire to distinguish himself in a crisis like this, for which he feels himself fitted, and upon fields where he is sure of distinction. But Gen. T. is no Cæsar. He will *not* cross the Rubicon! He has no design at present upon the Union of the States; if he ever had, his guilty ambition would be chastened by the contemplation of the disorder and panic which even rumors of hostile designs have created, and by those exhortations in favor of the Constitution (and its compromises), which have flowed from your eloquent pen.

I beg you to re-assure your ardent and chivalrous friends at the South, and particularly Gen. Foote, whom my friend Gen. Thumb holds in high estimation, that their alarm in regard to this matter, is without foundation.

P. T. BARNUM.

To Thos. Ritchie.

Thus closed a correspondence, copies of which and of the letters about Miss Lind, previously published, were immediately forwarded to the Governors of the Southern States, and to the Legislature of South Carolina. The effect has been most happy. South Carolina has abandoned her armament. Quattlebum has sheathed his sword. Order reigns at Washington, and Mr. Ritchie, who has been absorbed in a long vigil in behalf of the Union, can now turn his attention to his printing contracts and those little jobs with which patriots, after a crisis, occasionally regale and reward themselves.—*Albany Atlas.*

—Diversions in the Wigwam.—We are informed that the grand ball of the Sachems, which was given at Tammany Hall on Wednesday evening as a sort of celebration of the battle of New Orleans, was not so perfectly harmonious as was expected. The story is that John Van Buren—"Prince John the magnificent"—was there, and was of course the Magnus Apollo of the Temple, the cynosure of all ladies' eyes and the scapegoat of all masculine jealousy and invective. The presence of this handsome relic of the Buffalo platform was particularly disagreeable to certain ultra Hunkers who finally got so bold as to induce Bogardus and French (the ex-naval officer and the new Chairman of young Men's Committee, we believe,) to undertake the extradition of the offender. As the story runs, Bogardus and French went to Caspar C. Childs and desired him to inform the Prince that his absence from the ball room would be especially agreeable, and further that his appearance at the supper table would be the signal for the direst kind of a row; they could barely tolerate his obnoxious presence among their wives and daughters, but eating their possum and drinking their fire-water was something to be done only at personal peril. As the reader may suppose, our friend Caspar is quite too much of a gentleman to undertake such a mission; so he told Bogardus and French that if they desired to insult a man they might do the job themselves if they dared—he was above any such dirty trick. After glowering wickedly at the Prince and plotting his humiliation for some time, we believe they found somebody named Church who undertook their message. The Prince was talking coolly with a pair of ladies when Church approached and he received the fellow's impertinence with that suavity which a Van Buren never forgets to exercise, joined to a dignity which, as thorough gentlemen, the ex-President and his sons always wear with honor. Excusing himself from the ladies, John remarked that he found the company agreeable, the room very prettily arranged, and as he had plenty of time on hand he thought he wouldn't leave; and then putting on a frown that would have done credit to Jupiter, he told the messenger that he *would* go to supper if he should be obliged to walk over the carcases of all the Hunkers in the room; and furthermore, if such should be the case, it would not be the first time that he had them at his feet. The messenger departed; the Prince resumed the dance and conversation with the ladies, and all was quiet until supper time. When the guests went down to the table, we hear that some of the conspirators against Cæsar stood in the doorway as if to prevent his egress, whereupon Prince John, with a lordly sweep of his hand, brushed the obstruction aside, rubbing its face ungently against the wall. At the table all the true-blue Old Hunkers were vehemently cheered, and all the Barnburners, whether submissive or rebellious, were as vigorously groaned at. But all these ungentlemanly and disgraceful efforts were met by the Prince with a dignified contempt that would have shamed his revilers into silence had such a thing as shame been possible among a crowd of that peculiar character. We learn that a great many of the Sachems are dreadfully ashamed of the matter, now that the excitement and the wine are gone; while the ladies are unanimously impressed with the idea that the Prince is a glorious fellow, and that all the abuse heaped upon him was from quite pardonable jealousy.—*Tribune.*

—Fugitive Slave Case in New York.—After a very elaborate and troublesome hearing—during which all the obstacles were thrown in the way that legal ingenuity could suggest, or money and influence sustain—the district court in the city of New York has ordered the fugitive Long to be delivered up to his owner. This has been professedly a *test case*; and, in the face of all the leading Abolitionists of the country, it has resulted as it ought to have done under the Constitution and laws. The opinion of the court will be found in our colums to-day. What say the croaking disunionists to this? Is the Fugitive Slave Law a "dead letter" and a "humbug" at the North now? We have very little doubt that, when public opinion has settled down here, and the practice under this law becomes well understood, it will be respected and enforced in all proper cases. Boston tricks cannot long be successfully practiced. They have had their day, and are now fully understood and exposed. He must be a most shameless fanatic who would resort again to such barefaced attempts to prevent the execution of the law. The court in New York has set a salutary example, which it is to be hoped will be followed on future occasions. Judge Judson is evidently a clear-headed, competent, and independent officer, who has borne himself with equal discretion, liberality, and firmness. Such judges as he has shown himself to be, are invaluable in these times of turmoil and agitation. Both at the North and the South the influence of this case must be highly favorable on the public mind.—*Washington Union.*

—The Homestead Exemption Law of this State, went into operation on the 1

Miscellany.

We are greatly indebted to a friend in Leeds, England, for copies of newspapers containing lectures recently delivered in that city, before the Mechanics' Institution, by the Earl of Carlisle, late Lord Morpeth. That upon America we copy, moved to do so, first, by its intrinsic interest and excellence, and, secondly, because the *Herald* of this city has published what it says is the lecture in full, but in which copy the editor of that paper has omitted whole passages relating to Slavery, and garbled others. This peculiarly American trick will probably not want imitators; and as there are many who will like to know what the Earl of Carlisle did really say, rather than what he did not, we copy the lecture from the *Leeds Mercury*.

TRAVELS IN AMERICA.

A LECTURE BY THE EARL OF CARLISLE.

It may be known to some of those whom I have the pleasure to see around me, that when circumstances, to which I need not further allude, occasioned a breach, temporary indeed and soon repaired, in my connection with the West Riding of Yorkshire—when, as the phrase was, some of your neighbors, and probably of yourselves, had given me leave to go upon my travels, I thought I could make no better use of this involuntary leisure than by acquiring some personal knowledge of the United States of America. I accordingly embarked in the autumn of the year 1841, and spent about one whole year in N. America, having within that period passed nearly over the length and breadth of the Republic, trod at least the soil of twenty-two out of the twenty-six States of which the Union was then composed, and paid short visits to the Queen's dominions in Canada, and to the island of Cuba. I determined to keep a journal during my travels, and only at the end of them to decide what should become of it when it was completed. I found it was written in too hurried and desultory a manner, and was too much confined to my own daily proceedings, to make it of interest to the public at large; still more strongly I felt that after having been received with uniform civility and attention, nay, I may say, with real warmth and openness of heart, I should not wish, even where I had nothing but what was most favorable to communicate, immediately to exhibit myself as an inquisitive observer of the interior life to which I had been admitted; and this very feeling would probably have disqualified me for the office of an impartial critic. Now, however, that above eight years have elapsed since my return, in turning over the pages then written, it has seemed to me allowable to endeavor, for a purpose like the present, to convey a few of the leading impressions which I derived from the surface of nature and society as they exhibited themselves in the new world. It must follow necessarily from such limits as could be allowed to me on an occasion of this kind, that any account which I can put together from materials so vast and so crowded, must be the merest superficial skimming of the subject that can be conceived; all I can answer for is that it shall be faithful to the feelings excited at the moment, and perfectly honest as far as it goes. I must premise one point with reference to what I have just now glanced at, the use of individual names. I came in contact with several of the public men, the historical men they will be, of the American Republic. I shall think myself at liberty occasionally to depart in their instance from the rule of strict abstinence which I have otherwise prescribed to myself and to treat them as public property, so long as I say nothing to their disadvantage. On the other hand, the public men of the United States are not created faultless beings, any more than the public men of other countries; it must not, therefore, be considered when I mention with pleasure anything which redounds to their credit, that I am intending to present you with their full and complete portraits. It was on the 21st of October, upon a bright crisp morning, that the *Columbia* steam-packet, upon which I was a passenger, turned the lighthouse outside the harbor of Boston. The whole effect of the scene was cheerful and pleasing; the bay is studded with small islands bare of trees, but generally crowned with some sparkling white building, frequently some public establishment. The town rises well from the water, and the shipping and the docks wore the look of prosperous commerce. As I stood by some American friends acquired during the voyage, and heard them point out the familiar villages, and villas, and institutions with patriotic pleasure, I could not altogether repress some slight but not grudging envy of those who were to bring so long a voyage to an end in their own country, amidst their own family, within their own homes. I am not aware I ever again experienced, during my whole American sojourn, the peculiar feeling of the stranger. It was, indeed, dispelled at the moment, when their flag ship, the *Columbus*, gave our *Columbia* a distinguished, and, I thought, touching reception; the crew manned the yards, cheered, and then the band played first "God Save the Queen," and then "Yankee Doodle." I spent altogether, at two different intervals, about a month in Boston. I look back with fond recollection to its well-built streets—the swelling dome of its Statehouse—the pleasant walks on what is termed the Common—a park, in fact—of moderate size, in the centre of the city, where I made my first acquaintances with the bright winter sunsets of America, and the peculiar transparent green and opal tints which stripe the skies around them—the long wooden causeways across the inner harbor, which, rather recalled St. Petersburg to my recollection—the newly-erected granite obelisk on a neighboring height, which certainly had no affinity with St. Petersburg, as it was to mark the spot, sacred to an American, of the battle of Bunker's Hill—the old elm tree, at the suburban university of Cambridge, beneath which Washington drew his sword in order to take command of the national army—the shaded walls and glades of Mount Auburn—the beautiful cemetery of Boston, to which none that we yet have can be compared, but which I trust before long our Chadwicks and Paxtons may enable us to imitate, and perhaps to excel. These are some of my external recollections of Boston; but there are some fonder still, of the most refined and animated social intercourse—of hospitalities which it seemed impossible to exhaust—of friendships which I trust can never be effaced. Boston appears to me, certainly, on the whole, the American town in which an Englishman of cultivated and literary tastes, or of philanthrophic pursuits, would feel himself most at home. The residence here was rendered peculiarly agreeable to me by a friendship with one of its inhabitants, which I had previously made in England; he hardly yet comes within my rule of exception, but I do not give up the notion of his becoming one of the historical men of his country. However, it is quite open for me to mention some of those with whom, mainly through his introduction, I here became acquainted. There was Mr. Justice Story, whose reputation and authority, as a commentator and expounder of law, stands high wherever law is known or honored, and who was, what at least is more generally attractive, one of the most generous and single-hearted of men. He was an enthusiastic admirer of this country, especially of its lawyers: how he would kindle up and flow on if he touched upon Lord Hardwick or Lord Mansfield—"Sir," as an American always begins, "on the prairies of Illinois this day Lord Mansfield administers the law of commerce." He had also a very exalted opinion of the judgments of Lord Stowell, which his own studies and practice have led him thoroughly to appreciate; and I may permit myself to say that he had formed a high estimate of the judicial powers of Lord Cottenham. I must admit one thing, when he was in the room few others could get in a word; but it was impossible to resent this, for he talked evidently not to bear down others, but because he could not help it. Then there was Dr. Channing. I could not hear him preach, as his physical powers were nearly exhausted; but on one or two occasions I was admitted to his house. You found a fragile frame, and a dry manner, but you soon felt that you were in a presence in which nothing that was impure, base, or selfish could breathe at ease. There was the painter, Alston, a man of real genius, who suffices to prove that the domain of the fine arts, though certainly not hitherto the most congenial to the American soil, may be successfully brought, to use their current phrase, into annexation with it. These, alas, have since my visit all been taken away. In the more immediate department of letters there are happily several who yet remain—Mr. Bancroft, the able and accomplished historian of his own country—Mr. Ticknor, who has displayed the resources of a well stored and accomplished mind in his recent work on the literature of Spain—Mr. Longfellow, with whose feeling and graceful poetry many must be acquainted—Mr. Emerson, who has been heard and admired in this country—and I crown my list with Mr. Prescott, the historian of Ferdinand and Isabella, of Mexico and Peru, with respect to whom, during the visit he paid to England during the past summer, I had the satisfaction of witnessing how all that was most eminent in this country confirmed the high estimate I had myself formed of his head, and the higher one of his heart. The public institutions of Boston are admirably conducted. The Public or Common Schools there, as I believe in New England generally, are supported by a general rate, to which all contribute, and all may profit by. I am not naturally now disposed to discuss the question how far this system would bear being transplanted and engrafted on our policy; but it would be uncandid if I did not state that the universality of the instruction, and the excellence of what fell under my own observation, presented to my mind some mortifying points of contrast with what we have hitherto effected at home. It is well known that a large proportion of the more wealthy and cultivated part of the society of Boston belong to the Unitarian persuasion; but a considerable number of the middle classes, and especially of the rural population of New England, comprising the six Northern States of the Union, still retain much of the Puritan tenets and habits of their immediate ancestors—their Pilgrim Fathers. Before I leave Boston, let me add one observation, on a lighter topic. I lodged at the Tremont Hotel, which was admirably conducted, like very many of those imposing establishments in the chief cities of the Union. Here I learnt that one is apt to receive false impressions at first: I was struck with the clean, orderly, agile appearance of the waiters. "The Americans beat us hollow in waiters," was my inner thought; on inquiring I found that of the twenty-five waiters in the house, four were English and twenty-one Irish. I could not help wishing that a large number of the Irish might come and be waiters for a little while. Within three or four days of my landing I grew impatient to see the Falls of Niagara without loss of time: if any sudden event should have summoned me home, I felt how much I should have grudged crossing the Atlantic without having been at Niagara, and I also wished to look upon the autumn tints of the American Forest, before the leaves, already beginning to fall, had entirely disappeared. The Western Railway, which appeared to me the best constructed that I saw in America, took me to Albany, a distance of 200 miles. The railway carriages, always there called cars, consist of long rooms, rather like a dining room of a steam packet, with a stove inside, often a most desirable addition in the American winter, and you can change your seat or walk about as you choose. They are generally rougher than our railways, and the whole getting up of the line is of a ruder and cheaper character; they do not impede the view as much as with us, as they make no scruple of dashing across or alongside of the main street in the towns or villages through which they pass. But I ought to remark about this as about everything else, that the work of progress and transformation goes on with such enormous rapidity, that the interval of eight years since my visit will probably have made a large portion of my remarks thoroughly obsolete. The New England country through which we passed looks cheerful, interspersed with frequent villages and numerous churches—bearing the marks at the same time of the long winter and barren soil with which the stout Puritan blood of Britain has so successfully contended; indeed, the only staple productions of a district which supplies seamen for all the Union, and ships over all the world, are said to be ice and granite. Albany is the capital of the State of New York—the Empire State, as its inhabitants love to call it, and it is a name which it deserves, as fairly as our own old Yorkshire would deserve to be called the Empire County of England. It is rather an imposing town, rising straight above the Hudson river, gay with some gilded domes, and many white marble columns, only they are too frequently appended to houses of very staring red brick. From Albany to Utica the railroad follows the stream of the Mohawk, which recalls the name of the early Indian dwellers in that bright valley, still retaining its swelling outline of wood-covered hills, but gay with prosperous villages and busy cultivation. I was perhaps still more struck the next morning, though it was a more level country, where the railway passes in the midst of the uncleared or clearing forest, and suddenly bursts out of a fine glade or cedar swamp into the heart of some town, probably four, three, or two years old, with tall white houses, well lighted shops, billiard rooms, &c.; and emerging, as we did, from the dark shadows into the full moonlight, the wooden spires, domes, and porticos of the infant cities looked every bit as if they had been hewn out of the marble quarries of Carrara. I am aware that it is not the received opinion, but there is something both in the outward aspect of this region and the general state of society accompanying it, which to me seemed eminently poetical. What can be more striking or stirring, despite the occasional rudeness of the forms, than all this enterprise, energy, and life welling up in the desert. At the towns of Syracuse, of Auburn and of Rochester, I experienced the sort of feeling which takes away one's breath: the process seemed actually going on before one's eyes, and one hardly knows whether to think it as good as the Illiad, or as quaint as a harlequin face. I will quote the words I wrote down at the time:

"The moment is not come for me yet, if it ever should come, to make me feel myself warranted in forming speculations upon far results, upon guarantees for future endurance and stability: all that I can now do is to look and to marvel at what is before my eyes. I do not think I am deficient in relish for antiquity and association; I know that I am English, not in a pig-headed adhesion to everything there, but in heart to its last throb. Yet I cannot be unmoved or callous to the soaring of Young America, in such legitimate and laudable directions too: and I feel that it is already not the least bright, and may be the most enduring title of my country to the homage of mankind, that she has produced such a people. May God employ them both for his own high glory!"

I am bound here in candor to state that I think what I first saw in America was, with little exception, the best of its kind; such was the society of Boston—such was the energy of progress in the western portion of the State of New York.

At Rochester, an odd coincidence occurred to me, striking enough I think to be mentioned, though it only concerned myself. After the arrival of the railway carriage, and the usual copious meal of tea and what that ensued, I had been walking about the town, which dates only from 1812, and then contained 20,000 inhabitants, and as I was returning to the hotel, I saw the word Theatre written up. Wishing to see everything in a new country, I climbed up some steep stairs into what was little better than a garret, where I found a rude theatre, and ruder audience, consisting chiefly of boys, who took delight in pelting one another. There was something, however, at which I had a right to feel surprised. In a playhouse of strollers, at a town nearly five hundred miles in the interior of America, which, thirty years before, had no existence, thus coming in by the merest chance, I saw upon the drop scene the most accurate representation of my own house, Naworth Castle, in Cumberland.

A great improvement has recently occurred in the nomenclature of this district; formerly a too classical surveyor of the State of New York had christened—I used the wrong term, had heathenized to make a new one—all the young towns and villages, by the singularly inapplicable titles of Utica, Ithaca, Palmyra, Rome: they are now reverting to the far more appropriate, and I should say, more harmonious Indian names, indigenous to the soil, such as Oneida, Onondaga, Cayuga.

I thought my arrival at Niagara very interesting. We had come to Lockport, where there is a chain of magnificent locks, on the Erie Canal, one of the great public works of America, and which has done much to enrich this empire and the State of New York. The surplus of the receipts enabled them to execute a variety of other public works. We arrived too late for the usual public conveyance. The proprietor of the stage coach agreed to give me, with one or two other Englishmen, a lumber waggon to convey us to the falls. The Colonel for he was one, as I found the drivers of the coaches often were, drove his team of four horses himself. I generally found the stage-coach driving in the United States indescribably rough, but the drivers very adroit in their steerage, and always calling their horses by their names, and addressing them as reasonable beings, to which they seemed quite to respond. Altogether, the strangeness of the vehicle, the cloudless beauty of the night, the moonlight streaming through the fairest glades, the meeting a party of the Tuscarora Indians, who still have a settlement here, the first hearing the noise of Niagara about seven miles off, and the growing excitement of the nearer approach, gave to the whole drive a most stirring and enjoyable character. When I arrived at the hotel, the Cataract House, I would not anticipate by any moonlight glimpses the full disclosures of the coming day, but reserve my first visit for the clear light and freshened feelings of the morning. I staid five days at Niagara on that occasion; I visited it again twice, having travelled several thousands of miles in each interval. I have thus looked upon it in the late autumn, in the early spring, and in the full summer. Mrs. Butler, in her charming work on America, when she comes to Niagara, says only, "Who can describe that sight?" and, with these words, finishes her book. There is not merely the difficulty of finding adequate words, but there is a simplicity and absence, as I should say, of incidents in the scenery, or, at least, so entire a subordination of them to the main great spectacle, that attempts at description would seem inapplicable as well as impotent. I have undertaken, however, the endeavor, so inadequately, to place before you the impressions which I actually derived from the most prominent objects that I saw in America. How, then, can I wholly omit Niagara? The first view neither in the least disappointed, or surprised, but it wholly satisfied me. I felt it to be complete, and that nothing could go beyond it; volume, majesty, might are the first ideas which it conveys: on nearer and more familiar inspection I appreciated other attributes and beauties—the emerald crest—the seas of spray—the rainbow wreaths. Pictures and panoramas had given me a correct apprehension of the form and outline; but they fail, for the same reason as language would, to impart an idea of the whole effect, which is not picturesque, though it is sublime; there is also the technical drawback in painting of the continuous mass of white, and the line of the summit of the Fall is as smooth and even as a common mill dam. Do not imagine, however, that the effect could be improved by being more picturesque; just as there are several trivial and unsightly buildings on the banks, but Niagara can be no more spoiled than it can be improved. You would, when on the spot, no more think of complaining that Niagara was not picturesque, than you would remark in the shock and clang of battle that a trumpet sounded out of tune. Living at Niagara was not like ordinary life; its not over loud, but constant solemn roar has in itself a mysterious sound; is it not the highest to which the Universe can ever listen compared by inspiration to the sound of many waters? The whole of existence there has a dreamy but not a frivolous impress; you feel that you are not in the common world, but in its sublimest temple.

I naturally left such a place and such a life with keen regret, but I was already the last visitor of the year, and the hotels were about to close. I was told that I had already been too late for the best tints of autumn (or fall, as the Americans picturesquely term that season), and that they were at no time so vivid that year as was usual; I saw, however, great richness and variety of hue; I think the bright soft yellow of the sugar maple, and the dun red of the black oak, were the most remarkable. These and the beech, the white cedar, the hemlock spruce, the hickory, with occasionally the chesnut and walnut, seemed the prevailing trees in all this district. I can well imagine a person being disappointed in the American Forest; trees, such as those of Wentworth and Castle Howard (may I say) seem the exception, and not the rule. The mass of them seem entirely to heighten; and are too thick together, and there is a great deal too much dead fir, still there is a great charm and freshness in the American forest, derived partly perhaps from association, when you look through the thick tracery of its virgin glades.

On my going back I paid two visits at country houses, one to an old gentleman, Mr. Wadsworth, most distinguished in appearance, manner, and understanding, who had settled where I found him fifty years before, when he had not a white neighbor within thirty miles or a flour mill within fifty; he lived entirely surrounded by Indians, who have now disappeared. On some occasion, there had been a review of a corps of militia. A neighboring Indian Chief had been present, and was observed to be very dejected; Mr. Wadsworth went up to him, offered refreshment, which was usually very acceptable, but he declined it. Upon being pressed to say what was the matter, he answered with a deep sigh, pointing to the east, 'You are the rising sun"—then to the west, 'We are the setting." The face of the country is now indeed changed; a small flourishing town, the capital of the county, stretches from the gate; and the house overlooks one of the widest and best cultivated tracts in America, the valley of the Gennesee. I fancy that quotations of the price of Gennesee wheat are familiar to the frequenters of our corn markets. My host was one of the comparatively few persons in the United States who have tenants under them holding farms; among them I found three Yorkshire men from my own neighborhood, one of whom showed me what he called the *gainest* way to the house, which I recognized as a genuine Yorkshire term; he told me that his landlord was the first nobleman in the county, which is clearly not an Americanism. While on this topic I may mention that, on another occasion, I was taken to drink tea at a farmer's house in New England. We had been regaled most hospitably, when the farmer took the friend who had brought me aside, and asked what part of England Lord Morpeth came from? "From Yorkshire, I believe," says my friend. "Well, I should not have thought that from his manner of talking," was the reply. (Much laughter.)

My other visit was to Mr. Van Buren, who had been the last President of the United States, and who, I suspect, shrewdly reckoned on being the next. It seemed indeed at that time to be the general expectation among his own, the Democratic, or as they were then commonly called, the Loco-foco party. He was at that time living on his farm of Kinderhook: the house was modest and extremely well ordered, and nothing could exceed the courtesy or fulness of his conversation. He was full of anecdotes of all the public men of his country. In his dining room were pictures of Jefferson and General Jackson, the great objects of his political devotion. On my return through Albany, I had an interview with Mr. Seward, then for the second time Governor of the State of New York. I find that I noted at the time, that he was the first person I had met who did not speak slightingly of the Abolitionists, he thought they were gradually gaining ground. He had already acted a spirited part on points connected with Slavery; especially in a contest with the legislature of Virginia concerning the delivery of fugitive slaves.

I approached the city of New York by the Hudson. The whole course of that river from Albany, as seen from the decks of the countless steamers that ply along it, is singularly beautiful, especially where it forces a passage through the barrier of the highlands, which, however, afford no features of rugged grandeur like our friends in Scotland; but though the forms are steep and defined, their rich green outlines of waving wood, inclosing in smooth many-curved reaches the sail-covered bosom of the stately river, present nothing but soft and smiling images. I then took up my winter quarters at New York. I thought this, the commercial and fashionable, though not the political capital of the Union, a very brilliant city. To give the best idea of it, I should describe it as something of a fusion between Liverpool and Paris—crowded quays, long perspectives of vessels and masts, bustling streets, gay shops, tall white houses, and a clear brilliant sky overhead. There is an absence of solidity in the general appearance, but in some of the new buildings they are successfully availing themselves of their ample resources in white marble and granite. At the point of the Battery, where the long thoroughfare of Broadway, extending some miles, pushes its green fringe into the wide harbor of New York, with its glancing waters and graceful shipping, and the limber, long raking masts, which look so different from our own, and the soft swelling outline of the receding shores; it has a special character and beauty of its own. I spent about a month here very pleasantly; the society appeared to me on the whole to have a less solid and really refined character than that of Boston, but there is more of animation, gaiety, and sparkle in the daily life. In point of hospitality, neither could outdo the other. Keeping to my rule of only mentioning names which already belong to fame, I may thus distinguish the late Chancellor Kent, whose commentaries are well-known to professional readers; he had been obliged, by what I think the very unwise law of the State of New York, to retire from his high legal office at the premature age of sixty, and there I found him at 78, full of animation and racy vigor, which, combined with great simplicity, made his conversation most agreeable: Washington Irving, a well-known name both to American and English ears, whose nature appears as gentle and genial as his works—I cannot well give higher praise: Mr. Bryant, in high repute as a poet, and others. I had the pleasure of making acquaintances with many of the families of those who had been the foremost men in their country, Hamiltons, Jays, Livingstons. I lodged at the Astor House, a large hotel conducted upon a splendid scale, and I cannot refrain from one, I fear rather sensual, allusion to the oyster cellars of New York. In no part of the world have I ever seen places of refreshment as attractive—every one seems to eat oysters all day long. What signifies more, the public institutions and schools are there also extremely well conducted. The churches of the different denominations are very numerous and well filled. It is my wish to touch very lightly upon any point which among us, among even some of us now here, may be matter of controversy; I, however, honestly think that the experience of the United States does not as yet enable them to decide on either side the argument between the Established and Voluntary systems in religion; take the towns by themselves and I think the voluntary principle appears fully adequate to satisfy all religious exigencies; then it must be remembered that the class which makes the main difficulty elsewhere, scarcely if at all exists in America; it is the blessed privilege of the United States, and it is one which goes very far to counterbalance any drawbacks at which I may have to hint, that they really have not, as a class, any poor among them. A real beggar is what you never see. On the other hand, over their immense tracts of territory, the voluntary system has not sufficed to produce sufficient religious accommodation; it may, however, be truly questioned, whether any establishment would be equal to that function. This is, however, one among the many questions which the republican experience of America has not yet solved. As matters stand at present, indifference to religion cannot be fairly laid to her charge; probably religious extremes are pushed farther than elsewhere; there certainly is a breadth and universality of religious liberty which I do not regard without some degree of envy. (Applause.)

Upon my progress southward, I made a comparatively short halt at Philadelphia. This fair city has not the animation of New York, but it is eminently well built, neat and clean beyond parallel. The streets are all at right angles with each other, and bear the names of the different trees of the country; the houses are of red brick, and mostly have white marble steps and silver knockers, all looking bright and shining under the effect of copious and perpetual washing. It still looks like a town constructed by Quakers, who were its original founders; but by Quakers who have become rather dandified. The waterworks established here are deservedly celebrated; each house can have as much water as it likes, within and without, at every moment, for about 18s. a year. I hope our towns will be emulous of this great advantage. I think it right to say that in our general arrangements for health and cleanliness we appear to me very much to excel the Americans, and our people look infinitely healthier, stouter, rosier, jollier: the great proportion of Americans with whom you converse would be apt to tell you they were dyspeptic, whether principally from the dry quality of their atmosphere, the comparatively little exercise which they take, or the rapidity with which they accomplish their meals, I will not take upon myself to pronounce. There is one point of advantage which they turn to account, especially in all their new towns, which is that their immense command of space enables them to isolate almost every house, and thus secure an ambient atmosphere for ventilation. In my first walk through Philadelphia I passed the glittering white marble portico of a great banking establishment, which, after the recent crash it had sustained, made me think of whited sepulchres; near it was a pile, with a respectable old English appearance, of far nobler association; this was the State House, where the Declaration of American Independence was signed—one of the most pregnant acts of which history bears record. It contains a picture of William Penn and the statue of Washington. While I was there, a sailor from the State of Maine, with a very frank and jaunty air, burst into the room, and in a glow of ardent patriotism inquired, "Is this the room in which the Declaration of Independence was signed?" When he found that I was an Englishman, he seemed, with real good breeding, to be afraid that he had grated on my feelings, and told me that in the year 1814 our flag had waved over the two greatest capitals of the world, Washington and Paris. I looked with much interest at the great Model Prison of the separate system. I was favorably impressed with all that met the eye, but I refrain from entering upon the vexed question of comparison between this and the silent and other systems, as I feel how much the solution must depend upon ever recurring experience. The poor-house, like that at New York is built and administered on a very costly scale, and also has a great proportion of foreigners as inmates, and of the foreigners a great proportion Irish. This seems to enhance the munificence of the provision for destitution; at the same time it is not to be forgotten that the foreign labor is an article of nearly essential necessity to the progress of the country. On the only Sunday which I spent in Philadelphia, I went to a church which was not wanting in associations; the communion plate had been given by Queen Anne, and I sat in the pew of General Washington. I was told by some one that that distinguished contemporary, Chief Justice Marshall, said, that in contradiction to what was often thought he was a man of decided genius, but he was such a personification of wisdom, that he never put anything forward which the occasion did not absolutely require. It seemed to me that there was at Philadelphia a greater separation and exclusiveness in society, more resemblance to what would be called a fashionable class in European cities, than I had found in America elsewhere.

My next brief pause was at Baltimore. At a halt on the railroad on the way thither, I heard a conductor or guard say to a negro, "I cannot let you go, for you are a SLAVE." This was my first intimation that I had crossed the border which divides Freedom from Slavery. I quote from the entry which I made upon noting these words that evening—"Declaration of Independence which I read yesterday—pillar of Washington which I have looked on to-day—what are ye?" (Applause.)

I must now give myself some little vent. It was a subject which I felt during my whole sojourn in America, as I feel it still, to be paramount in interest to every other. It was one on which I intended and endeavored to observe a sound discretion; we have not ourselves long enough washed off the stain to give us the right to rail at those whom we had originally inoculated with the pest; and a stranger abundantly experiencing hospitality could not with any propriety interfere wantonly upon the most delicate and difficult point of another nation's policy. I could not, however, fail often, and deeply to feel, in the progress of my intercourse with many in that country—"come not my soul into their secret; to their counsel, my honour, be not thou united." At the same time I wished never to make any compromise of my opinion. I made it a point to pay special respect to the leading Abolitionists—those who had labored or suffered in the cause—when I came within reach of them; at Boston, I committed the more overt act of attending the annual Anti-Slavery Fair, which then was almost considered something of a measure. I was much struck in the distinguished and agreeable companies which I had the good fortune to frequent, with a few honorable exceptions, at the tone of disparagement, contempt, and anger with which the abolitionists were mentioned; just as any patrician company, in this country, would talk of a Socialist or Red Republican. I am, of course, now speaking of the free Northern States; in the south an abolitionist could not be known to exist. My impression is, that in the subsequent interval the dislike, the anger may remain, and may probably have been heightened, but that the feelings of slight, of ignoring [to use a current phrase] their very existence, must have been sensibly checked. There were some who told me that they made it the business of their lives to superintend the passage of the run-away slaves through the free States; they reckoned, at that time that about one thousand yearly escaped into Canada. I doubt whether the enactment and operation of the Fugitive Slave Bill will damp the ardour of their exertions. It may be easy to speak discreetely and plausibly about the paramount duty of not contravening the law; but how would you feel my countrymen, if a fugitive was at your feet and the manhunter at the door? I admit that the majesty of the law is on one side; but the long deep misery of a whole human life is on the other. What you ought to feel is fervent gratitude to the Power which has averted from your shores and hearths this fearful trial, and, let me add, a heartfelt sympathy with those who are sustaining it.

At Baltimore I thought there was a more picturesque disposition of ground than in any other city of the Union; it is built on swelling eminences, commanding views of the widening Chesapeake, a noble arm of the sea. There are an unusual number of public monuments for an American town, and hence it has been christened the Monumental City. I found that the type of trees began to change; the Virginia cedar and the tulip tree abound. I found the same hospitality which had greeted me everywhere, and the good living seemed to me carried to its greatest height; they have in perfection the terrapin, a kind of land tortoise, and the canvas-back duck, a most unrivalled bird in any country. With reference to the topic I have lately touched upon, a Slave-holders' Convention was being held at the time of my visit to the State of Maryland. They had been led to adopt this step by their apprehensions both of the increase of free colored population, and what they termed their demoralising action on the slaves. The language, as reported, did not seem to have been very violent, but they very nearly subjected to lynch-law a man whom they suspected to be a reporter for an abolitionist newspaper. I trust we are not going to copy that system into this country. I dined with the daughter of Charles Carroll, who, when signing the Declaration of Independence, was told by a bystander that he would incur no danger, as there were so many of the same name—"of Carrollton," was added to his name, and I think it is the only one upon the document which has any appendage. Being thus nobly fathered, it is rather curious that this venerable lady should have been the mother of three English Peeresses. The Roman Catholic Archbishop of Baltimore was one of the company; he wore his long violet robes, which I have never seen done on similar occasions, either in Ireland or in this country.

From Baltimore I transferred myself to Washington, the seat of Government and capital of the American Union. I never saw so strange a place: it affords the strongest contrast to the regularity, compactness, neatness, and animation of the American cities I had hitherto visited. It is spread over a very large space, in this way justifying the expression of some one who wished to pay it a compliment, but did not know very well what attribute to select, so he termed it a "city of magnificent distances;" and there it extends, or rather sprawls: it looks as if it had rained houses at random, or like half a dozen indifferent villages scattered over a goose common. Here and there, as if to heighten the contrast with the meanness of the rest, there are some very handsome public buildings; and the American Capitol, the meeting-place of the legislature and the seat of empire, though not exempt from architectural defects, towers proudly on a steep ascent, which commands the subject town and the course of the broad Potomac, which makes the only redeeming feature of the natural landscape. In short, while almost every other place which I saw in America gives the impression of life and progress, Washington not only appears stagnant but retrograde. No busy commerce circulates in its streets, no brilliant shops diversify its mean ranges of ill-built houses; but very few equipages move along its wide, splashy, dreary avenues. I saw it, too, in the prime of its season, during the sitting of Congress. When it is not sitting the members of the legislature and officers of the government dispose themselves over the breadth of the Union, and leave the capital to the clerks of the public offices, and, does it not seem profanation to say it, the *Slaves* who are still permitted to inhabit what should rightfully be the Metropolis of Freedom. It is at least gratifying to know that, in the last session of Congress, the slave trade has been abolished in the district of Columbia, the small portion of territory immediately annexed to Washington. When they are here, the members of Congress are mostly packed together in large and very inferior boarding-houses, a great portion of them not bringing their wives and families over the immense distances they have to traverse; hence it also happens that Washington will appear to the stranger not merely one of the least thriving but also the least hospitable of American cities. I spent nearly a month there, and it was the only place in which I (what is termed) kept house, that is, I resided in private lodgings, and found my own food, a method of life, however, which, in the long run, has more comfort and independence, than that of the large hotels. It was a contrast, however, to the large armies of waiters to which I had grown accustomed, to have no one in the house but an old woman and a negro boy, the first of whom my English servant characterised as cross, and the second as stupid. I believe it was the policy of the founders of the Republic to place the seat of government where it would not be liable to be distracted by the turmoil of commerce, or overawed by the violence of mobs; we have heard very lately of speculations to remove the seat of the French Government from Paris. Another cause which has probably contributed to check any designs for external improvement and development of Washington, must have been the doubt how far in a nation which is extending its boundaries westward at so prodigious a rate, it will be desirable or possible long to retain as the seat of Government a spot which will have become so little central.

What gave most interest to my stay at Washington naturally was the opportunity of attending the sittings of Congress. The interior of the Capital is imposing as well as the exterior: in the Centre Hall there were five large pictures, illuminating the prominent points of American history, which must be more agreeable to American than to British eyes. There is also a fine colossal statue of Washington, who is universally and not unduly called the father of his country. The Chamber where the Senate meets is handsome and convenient. The general aspect of the assembly, which (as is well known) shares largely both in the legislative and executive powers of the constitution, is grave and decorous. The House of Representatives, the more popular branch of the Government, returned by universal suffrage, assemble in a chamber of very imposing appearance, arranged rather like a theatre, in shape like the arc of a bow, but it is the worst room for hearing I ever was in; we hear complaints occasionally of our Houses of Parliament, old and new, but they are faultless in comparison. In parts of the House it is impossible to hear anybody, in others it answers all the purposes of a whispering gallery, and I have heard members carry on a continuous dialogue while a debate was storming around them. Both in the Senate and the House every member has a most commodious arm-chair, a desk for his papers, and a spitting-box, to which he does not always confine himself. I came very often, and it was impossible to surpass the attention I received; some member's seat in the body of the House was always given to me, and I was at liberty to remain there during the whole of the debate, or write my letters as I chose. The palpable distinction between them and our House of Commons I should say to be this, we are more noisy, and they are more disorderly. They do not cheer, they do not cough, but constantly several are speaking at a time, and they evince a contemptuous disregard for the decisions of their Speaker. They have no recognized leaders of the different parties, the members of Government not being allowed to have seats in either Houses of Congress, and the different parties do not occupy distinct quarters in the Chamber, so that you may often hear a furious wrangle being carried on between two nearly contiguous members. While I was at Washington, the question of Slavery, or at least of points connected with Slavery, gave the chief color and animation to the discussions in the House of Representatives. Old Mr. Adams, the ex-president of the United States, occupied, without doubt, the most prominent position; he presented a very striking appearance, standing up erect at the age of 75, having once filled the highest post attainable by an American citizen, with trembling hands and eager eyes, in defence of the right of petition against the continuance of Slavery in the district of Columbia, with a majority of the House usually deciding against him, and a portion of it lashed into noise and storm. I thought it was very near being, and to some extent it was, quite a sublime position, but it rather detracted from the grandeur of the effect at least, that his own excitement was so great as to pitch his voice almost into a screech, and to make him more disorderly than all the rest. He put one in mind of a fine old game-cock, and occasionally showed great energy and power of sarcasm. I had certainly an opportunity of forming my opinion, as I sat through a speech of his that lasted three days; but then it is fair to mention that the actual sittings hardly last above three hours a day—about four dinner is ready and they go away for the day, differing much herein from our practice; and on this occasion they frequently allowed Mr. Adams to sit down to rest. All the time I believe he was not himself for the discontinuance of Slavery, even in the district of Columbia, but he contended that the Constitution had acceded the free right of petition. One morning he presented a petition for the dissolution of the Union, which raised a great tempest. Mr. Marshall, of Kentucky, a fine and graceful speaker, moved a vote of censure upon him. Another member, whom I need not name, the ablest and fiercest champion whom I heard on the Southern or slaveholder side, made a most savage onslaught on Mr. Adams; then got up that "old man eloquent," and no one could have reproached him with not understanding how to speak even daggers. His brave but somewhat troublous spirit has passed from the scenes upon which he played so conspicuous a part, but he has left behind him some words of fire, the sparks of which are not yet extinct. Nothing came of all this stir; I used to meet Mr. Adams at dinner while it went on, very calm and undisturbed. After seeing and hearing what takes place in some of these sittings, one is tempted to think that the Union must break up next morning; but the flame appeared generally to smoulder almost as quickly as it ignited. The debates in the Senate, during the same period, were dignified, business-like, and not very lively; so it may be judged which House had most attraction for the passing traveller. I heard Mr. Clay in the Senate once, but every one told me that he was laboring under feebleness and exhaustion, so that I could only perceive the great man in the tones of his voice. I think this most attractive quality was still more perceivable in private intercourse, as I certainly never met any public man, either in his country or in mine, always excepting Mr. Canning, who exercised such evident fascination over the minds and affections of his friends and followers as Henry Clay. I thought his society most attractive, easy, simple, and genial, with great natural dignity. If his countrymen make better men Presidents, I should applaud their virtue in resisting the spell of his eloquent attractions. When the actual list is considered, my respect for the discernment elicited by Universal Suffrage does not stand at a very high point. Another great man, Daniel Webster, I could not hear in either House of Congress, because he then filled, as he does now, the high office of Secretary of State; but it is quite enough to beam on his jutting dark brow and cavernous eyes, and massive forehead, to be assured that they are the abode of as much, if not more intellect, than any head you perhaps ever remarked.

I see many, if not for all reasons, I am well content that he should be again at the head of the American Cabinet, for I feel sure that while he is ever intensely American, he has an enlightened love of peace, and a cordial sympathy with the fortunes and glories of the old, as well as the new Anglo-Saxon stock. The late Mr. Calhoun, who impressed most of those who were thrown in his way with a high opinion of his ability, his honesty, and I may add, his impracticability, I had not the good fortune to hear in public, or meet in private society. It is well known that his attachment to the maintenance of Slavery went so far as to lead him to declare that real freedom could not be maintained without it. Among those who at that time contributed both to the credit and gaiety of the society of Washington, I cannot forbear from adding the name of Mr. Legare, then the Attorney-General of the Union, now unhappily, like too many of those whom I have had occasion to mention, no longer living. He appeared to me the best scholar, and the most generally accomplished man I met in all the Union. I may feel biassed in his favor, for I find among my entries, "Mr. Legare spoke to-night of the Pope as he ought."

I have not mentioned what might be thought a very prominent object at Washington—the President of the United States. He resides for his term of office at a substantial plain building, called the White House. Mr. Tyler filled the office when I was there, and appeared a simple unaffected person. Washington is the head-quarters of another branch of the Constitution, which works perhaps with less friction and censure than any other, the Supreme Court of Judicature. The large Federal questions between State and State give great weight and interest to its proceedings. I heard an interesting cause between the States of Maryland and Pennsylvania; it was an action to try the validity of an Act of the State of Pennsylvania, which gave a trial by Jury to the fugitive slave. Here this subject pursued and pervaded every thing. It was argued with great ability on both sides; it was ultimately ruled against the power of the free States to pass such an act; and the recent Fugitive Slave Law may probably have arisen out of some such debateable questions of right; at all events, it has entirely swept away the intervention of a jury.

The last day of my abode at Washington was spent becomingly at Mount Vernon, the residence, and now the grave, of Washington. It is well placed on a wooded hill above the noble Potomac, here a mile and a half broad. The tomb is a sad affair for such a man; it has an inscription upon it, denoting that it was erected by John Strutters, marble mason; it is placed under a glaring red building, something between a coach-house and a cage; the Senate had once procured the consent of the family to have it removed to the Capitol, when a bricklayer, a laborer, and a cart arrived to take it off one morning, at which our indignation naturally rose. There are few things remarkable in the house, except the key of the Bastile sent by General Lafayette to General Washington, and a sword sent to him by Frederick the Great, with this address,—"From the Oldest General of the age to the